

Hugh Jones
ABERFORD,

John Henry Jones
A NOVEL;

John Henry Jones
OR WHAT YOU WILL.

John Henry Jones
By HENRY SUMMERSETT.

John Henry Jones
" With all thy frailties, listless man,
I love thee greatly still—thy span
Of life I would of care deprive ;
Bid anguish die, and joy survive ;
And turn the seldom erring dart
That misery levels at thy heart."

The AUTHOR.

—•••••—
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ABSTOR

A NOVEL

OR WHAT YOU WILL

BY HENRY SUMMERSETT



LONDON

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DEDICATION.

TO

MISS KEPPEL.

MADAM,

HAVING solicited the honour of dedicating this little volume to you, and obtained your permission, I hope I shall not hereafter have occasion to accuse myself with temerity ; yet, when I consider the unimportance of the materials, and doubt the correctness of the style, I feel, in some degree, apprehensive that you will regard it as a very trifling performance. If it amuse you, madam, I

am satisfied : in point of information it is palpably defective. I have not attempted to dive where I was conscious I could not fathom ; nor have I adventurously soared into regions with which I was unacquainted. I thank you for the condescension you have shewn me, and the sense of it will long be retained, by,

Madam,

Your obliged,

obedient, and very humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

THE
P R E F A C E.

THE preface!—cries the sage, with pointed sneer,
Why should a preface in *this book* appear?
'Tis arrogance!—these scribblers should be whipt,
Their tender novels and romances stript
Of all superfluous matter; if they write
As Folly and blind Ignorance indite,
Prompted by bowels rumbling to be fill'd,
Let maids go mad, and ravishers be kill'd;
Let lovers curse the stars and silver moon,
And chase some phantom thro' the castle's gloom;

Tread o'er green skulls, rank flesh and crumbling
bones,

Directed by th' imprison'd virgin's groans;—

Let stranger parents stranger children meet,

Clasp, hug, and squeeze, and kiss each other's
feet;

Find bloody arrows, crosses, cherries red,

The *very* features of the *very* dead:—

But prefaces!—in faith, it makes me laugh;

Ten grains of wheat upon a peck of chaff.

I hate such pertness in these little wits,

Who write their nonsense in their full-moon fits,

When, influenc'd by the planet, like the tide,

Their brains to water change and onward glide;

'Till vile stupidity the current drain,

And calcine it's thick muddy bed again.

This ABERFORD—this wight—whose wretched prose

Is coarse and paltry as his ill-darn'd hose,

Whose verse reminds me of the nasal sound,

Or the harmonic powers in asses found,

Whose sense is lost; whose anecdotes are poor;

Whose principles, —————

————— Hold, sir, I'll hear no more;

My

My mind has imperfections I admit,
 Nor have I ever deem'd myself a wit :
 Censure my errors, and my faults deride,
 And lash me with unfeeling scorn and pride ;
 I'll bear it, smiling :—But, if you accuse
 Of immorality my humble muse ;
 Call me a champion in Vice's cause,
 A rude Defamer of our country's laws,
 A wayward son of God, or foe to man,—
 If you suppose that I would merit damn,
 Speak with impiety, or cause the blush
 Of innocence into her cheeks to rush,
 Your calumny is base, is mean, is foul
 As *Vulcan's stithy*, or as *Pluto's soul*.

The right of preface, sir, to me belongs,
 Whether I deal in ethics, or in songs ;
 Whether I touch on matters of the state,
 Or of the theatres more idly prate ;
 Whether I turn biographer of men
 Of talents and renown, or use my pen
 In writing lives, at Newgate drop, cut short,—
 Whether I praise what past divines have taught ;

Or aid the atheist, or crush his cause;
 Or compliment, or damn th' existing laws:
 Your frowns my licence cannot set aside,
 Nor shall you fright me by your hostile stride.

*Look in his gloomed face, his sprite there scan,
 Hasten to the church-glebe house asbriewed man!*
 Thou art an author, and thou writ'st for bread;
 By pale necessity thou'rt onward led.
 My motive nearly is allied to thine;
 But poverty's a curse, and not a crime.
 Still some philosophers will gild it o'er,
 And talk as if 'twere blessed to be poor;
 As if we were to be refin'd by want,
 By empty stomachs and by dinners scant;
 As if our souls grew prosperous in distress,
 And when we crave the more we want the less;
 As if, when succourless and naked driven,
 We are peculiar objects unto Heaven!
 Write it, ye Moralists, with bellies big,
 Who oft regale on turtle and on pig;
 And preach it, Churchman, on the holy day,
 When, warm with port, demure you go to pray,

When

When, turning up your eyes devout to God,
You o'er the smooth-fac'd sexton want to nod.
Say the rank *weeds* that in life's garden grow,
Will buds put forth, and soon all-lovely blow ;
Say that the beggar's joys are great as those,
Of him who wears a crown upon his brows.
Speak all these dogmas, clerically strong,
With graceful attitudes which now belong
To the new school of parsons: if I'm there,
From my own soul shall flow th' unprompted prayer ;
And if I view you, with a doubtful look,
As one well-fee'd for conning of his book ;
Trace some aberrances within your mind,
Or see you start from precepts left behind,
I'll shun the labyrinth, tho' strew'd with flowers,
And turn my feet toward truth's unfading bowers.

I own my motives : yet, a little praise
Bestow'd—if merited—upon my lays,
My unassuming muse would grateful prove,
And in her sylvan haunts more joyous move ;
Seize her rude lyre, and touch its every string,
And anxious strive more eloquent to sing.

But, ah! I fear she is by all condemn'd,
Too lowly and obscure to gain a friend;
For, diffident, the broader paths she flies,
Nor courts th' approving smiles of Fame's bright eyes.

Enthusiast!—In the melancholy hour,
When Heaven's calm face appear'd on me to lour,
When, plac'd 'midst joys, my heart refus'd to share
The bliss of man, and dwelt on grief and care,
'Till Nature and her works have hateful seem'd,
And every wish of life was almost wean'd;
Then, Muse, thou hast approach'd with placid brow,
With eyes in which thy soul was seen to glow;
Dispersing the thick vapours of my brain,
And soothing woe with thy extatic strain;
Causing the ugly demons of despair
To beat with lazy wing the tainted air;
While thou to forests green hast joyous led,
And twin'd the native roses round my head.

Oh! it was sweet—it was felicity,
Dear Muse! to be companion unto thee:
The honey dews, which on the suckles hung,
Dropt from the bowers, and fell upon thy tongue;

The

The nightingale sung in the waving pine,
But e'en her notes were not so soft as thine :
Thy themes were tender as thy harmony,
Dear Muse! 'twas sweet to be belov'd by thee.
The airy lessons thou wert wont to teach,
Thy votary's humble powers could never reach ;
Yet, when he gain'd some knowledge of thy art,
He gave to thee the blessings of his heart :
Still he entreats that, all the summer long,
You'll rove with him the waving woods among ;
Still, still he craves th' enlivening smile of thee,
Dear Muse! and courts thy soft society.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CONVERSATION AT HAMBURGH - - -	I
THE FRENCHMAN AND HIS DAUGHTER - -	4
SIGHS OF ANGUISH - - -	7
A RETURN TO ONE'S COUNTRY - - -	11
THE FRATERNAL EMBRACE - - -	13
THE POWERS OF PERSUASION - - -	15
PARENTAL FEELINGS - - -	18
THE LANDLORD'S WISH - - -	22
A COACH DISPENSED WITH - - -	25
THE PRETTY SHILLING - - -	29
THE LAME BOY AND ASS - - -	34
ESSAY ON DEFORMITY - - -	37
A SIMPLE PICTURE - - -	48
THE WARRIOR'S RETURN - - -	51
THE DIVINE - - -	71
I'LL NEVER DO SO AGAIN - - -	74
SCRAPS OF A POET - - -	80
ARRIVAL AT IPSWICH - - -	86
CARDINAL WOLSEY - - -	88
THE FOREST WANDERER - - -	91

PATRONAGE

	PAGE
PATRONAGE - - - - -	100
GOOD NIGHT - - - - -	108
THE AFRICAN - - - - -	114
THE DEVIL - - - - -	118
THE CARPENTER'S WIDOW - - - - -	126
THE CHURCH-YARD - - - - -	130
A SUBSTITUTE FOR A STORY - - - - -	136
STANZAS OF A VILLAGER - - - - -	137
FAMILY AND FRIENDS - - - - -	142
WANDERINGS IN MAY; AN UNFINISHED PROSAIC COMPOSITION - - - - -	145

ABERFORD.

CONVERSATION AT HAMBURGH.

“IF I mistake not, Mr. Aberford, you said it is six years since you saw England,” said Mr. Frampton, who was a merchant at Hamburgh, and to whom I had lately delivered letters of recommendation. “You are perfectly right, Sir,” I replied; “I was in Germany at the commencement of the war; and, being desirous of entering into active life, I requested my friends to procure me a commission in the army of his Britannic majesty.” —“You did wrong, then;—but, pardon me; I had forgot myself. You must have witnessed many dreadful effects of contention.” —“I have, indeed: pray God I may never see the like again! You need not have retracted your words; I am now willing to confess that I was too precipitate. I was disgusted with
B the

the scenes I saw, and with the employment I had engaged in. I would not, however, quit my profession 'till the troops were ordered to withdraw from the Continent; I then laid down my sword, and since that time have continued to wander in many parts of the empire."—"Have you lately passed through the theatre of war?"—"Not two months have since scarcely elapsed,"—"Well, Sir; and pray what appearances were there?"—"Depopulated towns; uninhabited villages; fields without verdure; men, women, and children without bread, or cloathing. Sometimes I saw the most beautiful structures levelled to the ground; and, now and then, when wandering in a less frequented part of the country, I have beheld the contaminated body of a soidier, who had fallen in battle, which was left to rot *on* the ground."—"Ah, my God!" cried Mr. Frampton, "what a picture you have drawn."—"But I have delineated with truth, Sir."—"I have reason to suppose that you have. But pray—do not think the question impertinent—pray how many men has your sword sacrificed?"—"Not one, Sir; I never yet killed a man.

I rashly

I rashly wounded one in a skirmish; but his eyes seemed to implore that mercy which I could have given him without supplication. I bound my handkerchief round his wound, and triumphed in those feelings for which some military men would have deemed me culpable.”—“Heavens! Mr. Aberford, you are little adapted for a soldier.”—“True; nature never designed me for one, and the folly of taking up arms is now palpable. I respected my sovereign, though I could not mangle the limbs of his opponents. But I shall return to my country with —” “Ah, that country!” cried Mr. Frampton, piteously: he would not, however, finish the sentence, though I prest him, as much as good breeding would allow, to utter his full meaning.

I was now informed that the packet was ready to sail, and, consequently, compelled to break the conversation. Having made acknowledgments to Mr. Frampton for the many civilities he had shewn me, and for the friendship he had professed, I sent a porter with my portmanteau, and followed him to the water side.

THE FRENCHMAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

It was with a joyous impatience that I stepped on board the vessel which was to take me to England: it was completely filled: men, women, and children, of all nations, were mingled together; and little respect was paid to politeness, or to good breeding. The Swiss beheld every thing with apathy, and merely regarded his own accommodation: the German seemed anxious only for the good provisions contained in his hamper; and the solitary French emigrant sighed deeply, and fixed his eyes dejectedly on the water. There was a great number of men of the last description, but they were not to be distinguished by the national characteristic; there was no happy indifference spread upon their countenance; anxiety and distress had contracted their brows: they did not indulge themselves with any voluble conversation; but the sighs of despondency issued from their breasts, to which they oftentimes prest their unconscious children.

“ Many of ye,” said I, “ mentally, may have sufficient and dreadful cause to mourn. You are flying from scenes of blood and terror; you have been pursued by tyranny; the monsters of power may have directed their accursed views to you, and sent their myrmidons in quest of your blood; nay, probably, the throats of your fathers, of your mothers, of your brethren, and of your children, have poured forth the stream of existence. I wonder not at the despondency of your countenances—at the tears which soften manhood: I wonder not that you so often turn your eyes towards your native shores

“ With many an aching wish and impotent desire.”

The wind was favourable to us, and our vessel glided rapidly over the waters. Amongst the group of unfortunates I particularly distinguished two: the one was a respectable looking man, and the other appeared to be his daughter. The face of the former was sorrowful in the extreme; the woman was veiled, but I never saw a more graceful form. Her white arm was frequently thrown around the neck

neck of her parent; and she sighed so piteously, that she infused melancholy in my mind. Had not respect and delicacy kept me silent, I should have delighted in expressing my friendship, and my desire to serve them. The interesting girl sat about two hours on deck, when I heard her complain of faintness, and express a wish to go down into the cabin. Her father gently raised her, and tendered his arm: she took it and began to move; but she found the support insufficient, and was compelled to sit down again.

I arose immediately, and, bowing respectfully to them both, offered my assistance, which was, with many acknowledgments, accepted. She took hold of my left arm, and her hand went near to my heart, which beat with brotherly affection and pity. Having reached the cabin she thanked me, and at the same time raised her veil, displaying a countenance of extreme sorrow. Beauty was withering in her face, and the rose of health had decayed. I could have kissed the tears from her eyes, and warmed her cold hands in my

my anxious bosom. She laid down on a bed, and I returned with her distressed father to the deck.

SIGHS OF ANGUISH.

ALTHOUGH I was not without curiosity, yet I was not impertinent. I did not pique myself upon the slight service I had shewn the emigrants; I considered it as an office which humanity claimed of me, and did not expect any farther acknowledgment from either the father or the daughter. But I perceived that the eyes of the Frenchman were often directed towards me with tenderness, and that gratitude beamed from them. Still our conversation was small; and even when he did address me, his mind seemed inclined to some more important subject.

The sun sunk in the waves, and twilight succeeded. The passengers retired to the cabin, and I alone remained on the deck, save the

the pilot and watch. I had no inclination to sleep: I wrapped a mariner's coat around me; and, placing myself at the stern of the vessel, I took a flute from my pocket and played Storace's beautiful composition of the Lullaby, and several other pieces of the same plaintive strain. I once caught my fingers tripping in a brisker movement, but I immediately pressed them firmly on the flute and suspended my breath. I thought that the passengers, nay, even the unfortunate, might be asleep, and I had no desire to disturb their repose.—I would not have waked the fair emigrant for any consideration. “If you are slumbering, dear maiden,” said I, “tranquil be your hours, and happy your dreams. Grief, like yours, must need alleviation. May peace reside in your bosom now, when the morning breaks, and ever thereafter; may health, once more, crimson your cheeks and animate your eyes; and, oh! may sorrow fly from you, and never again presume to molest you!”

If my speech was a little too figurative, I protest it was not affected: I actually felt an interest for the poor stranger; and her sad aspect,

aspect, though only once viewed by me, was so familiar to my eye, that I fancied I saw it again, and that I again heard her desponding sighs. But even in my boyish days, I remember that my warmth of imagination was frequently a subject of ridicule. My mother said it was a blessing; my father hoped it would not prove a curse. "If we train him to the church," said the former, "it will be of singular advantage; it will give force to divine truth." — "*Divine truth*," replied the latter, ironically, "requires a temperate understanding, and not a warm imagination." — "But in the law," said my mother — "Cunning would be a better substitute." — "What, if he be placed in the army?" — "It may make him rash." — "Well, but suppose he should prove to be a poet?" — "God forbid!" exclaimed my father; "I hope that you, my dear wife, and all my children, will die a *natural* death. I know of no dissolution so truly shocking as that of being starved."

I gave a sigh to the sorrows of the emigrant, and put my flute into my pocket. The beams of the moon played upon the water,

and whitened the sails of our bark: the mariners were all silent; and the only noise that was heard was made by the waves gently beating against the sides of the vessel, and by the sails rustling in the breeze. Harmony yielded to reflection; my eyes roved over the world of waters, and my mind soared towards heaven. A deep sigh came upon my ear; and I found that it proceeded from a person who was standing on the other side of the deck. He sighed again, and again; and, after an interval of some minutes, I heard him speak. The language was French; and I soon discovered that he was the father of the poor sufferer, whose misfortunes I had been secretly deploring. "Oh, my poor Annette!" he cried, "my brave sons! my —" Anguish stopped his breath. He continued to gaze for a considerable time on the water, when turning round and seeing me, whom he did not probably recollect, he placed his hands before his eyes, and again went down to the cabin.

This circumstance affected me much, and I felt all the concern of a commiserating christian. I soon after retired to my bed:
sleep,

sleep, however, was not friendly to me, and I closed not my eyes until I had supplicated heaven in behalf of the sufferers.

A RETURN TO ONE'S COUNTRY.

WITHOUT vanity, I say that I do not believe any man has more claim to the character of a philanthropist than I have. I love all the world, and if it were in my power I would serve all the world: I would dress every face with gladness, and store every heart with happiness. But hold, Aberford,—this assertion may be misconstrued—I make an exception of confirmed villians, and of men chronically unprincipled. These I cannot admit into the scale of fraternity, although it grieves me to think that any one should be necessarily excluded. Though we look not for perfection in man, yet we respect those most who come the nearest to it.—I should love myself more than I do, if my errors were fewer.

On the following morning I again saw the unhappy Frenchman, and eagerly enquired how his daughter did. He shook his head, and told me that his beloved child had passed a very unquiet night. About noon she came on deck, thinking to derive benefit from the air. Despondency still hung upon her pale face, and her eyes were still expressive of grief. My heart reached her before my feet were near to her: it was carried to her by the instinct, of humanity and of compassion. She answered my enquiries with a smile, but it was so faint, that the muscles of her face were scarcely moved by it. I attached myself to the father and daughter, and shewed them every possible civility: but my assiduity could not remove, nor diminish, their melancholy; and the chief object of my concern disappeared in less than an hour.

Our vessel went merrily over the waves; the wind favoured us, and our pilot assured us that we should have a brisk passage.

Happy was I, when I again saw the shores of England. I felt the influence of local attach-

attachment, and was impatient to tread once more my dear native land. Friends, relations, well-remembered scenes, and past occurrences, crowded on my mind and elevated my spirits. My eyes dwelt on the margin of the sea: I blessed the land-mark, and shook the hand of the pilot, while I drank prosperity to England and happiness to her sons.— Delightful are the sensations on returning to one's country!

THE FRATERNAL EMBRACE.

ON anchoring at Yarmouth, I was the first person who stepped into the boat; and I was also the first person who stepped out of it. My warm imagination, which my good father never conquered, was again extremely busy: a number of people was collected to see us disembark; but I did not suppose that their feelings were consonant with mine; and I wished not that they should see the effect of those which I entertained, and which I could not suppress; I therefore ran to a more retired place and unbosomed myself to *myself*.

“ Dear

“ Dear, native land ! ” I exclaimed, “ what rapture it is to view you again, and again to enter into the society of your children ; to claim the friendship of your brave and honest hearted sons, and the love and smiles of your blooming daughters. After having witnessed scenes of havoc, of blood, and of slaughter ; and after being made almost deaf by the horrid din of war, how grateful it is to cast the eye over your peaceful and luxuriant prospects, dear England ! and to hear the waves beat gently against your cliffs. Who shall dare to say that any man is an enemy to his country ? It is false ! my heart assures me it is false. I am impatient to converse with my countrymen ; and I long to greet my fair countrywomen with smiles and endearments. ”

I had spoken thus far, when I turned hastily round, and perceived a fish-woman, with a basket of flounders on her head, standing at my elbow. I cannot account for the stimulus ; but I found myself irresistibly carried towards her : in a moment my arms were round her waist, and my lips on her lips ; and I was calling her a thousand sweet names, though she

she was both old and ugly. All this was done in the *warmth of imagination*.—Unfortunately for me, the woman believed me a lunatic; and having flapped one of her slimy flounders against my face, she ran away hastily, and accused me, in the same manner, as the conscientious quaker was supposed to accuse the dog that bit him.

THE POWERS OF PERSUASION.

“STOP, stop! I entreat you to stop,” said I, running after her; but she squalled as loud as ever she did when vending her fish. “A madman!” she cried, still flying; “a madman! save me from a madman!”——“Dear woman,” said I, “be pacified;” and I caught hold of her apron; but the string broke, and she redoubled her screams. We entered the town, and a mob soon assembled around us; the terrified woman told her story, and the gaping populace believed my wits were gone. Some hooted me; others com-
com-

compassionately called me a poor wretch; and it was deemed proper that I should first be secured in a strait waistcoat, and then be sent to the solitary cells in the workhouse. This being suggested, some of the spectators began to lay their hands on me; and my looks were said to be truly expressive of distraction. "Was there ever any thing so whimsical," said I; "Indeed, my good friends, I am not mad." And I laughed loudly while I made the assertion. "I remember," said one of the fellows, "a poor young woman in the same condition, who died in Bedlam, and who, for the last three days of her life, never ceased laughing."—"Mercy on us!" said another fellow; "laugh for three days? what, and nights too?"—"Aye, and nights too: you might have heard her at the distance of a full mile."—"Well said, my brave fellow," I cried; "you manage your story with some dexterity. But, hark ye, if either of you offer to lay a hand upon me, or to detain me here another moment, by heaven, I will give you strong proofs of my faculties being unimpaired. Away! away!" I drew my sword, and, brandishing it over my head, walked

walked intrepidly to an inn, to which place the greater part of the mob attended me, though they kept at some distance.

I now discovered the ill effects of the *fraternal embrace*, and thought it necessary to devise some means to convince my assailants, that I still retained my reason. I ordered a few gallons of ale to be distributed amongst them, and was then supposed to be in full possession of my faculties. But I thought the lady whom I had frightened was entitled to an apology; I therefore called her aside, and asked her whether I could give her any satisfaction. "A glass of gin, sir, will set all right."—"A glass of gin, for this gentlewoman," said I, to the pretty bar-maid. It was brought, and swallowed. "Will you not take another glass?"—"I thank you, sir." And she drank another. "And now drink forgetfulness to all that's past."—"Here is forgetfulness to all that's past;" and she emptied the third glass. "One drop more, my dear old lady," said I, "and then we will shake hands and part."—"Not another drop, indeed, sir."—"And why not!"—"Because
I shall

I shall be cursedly drunk.”—“ Were you ever drunk ? ”—“ Humph ”—“ Come, come, you will oblige me greatly. ”—“ Well, I do it merely to oblige you. ” And she most condescendingly acquiesced to my request, and went away with her respectable associates.

I never before knew that I possessed such powers of persuasion ; yet, reflecting a moment, I thought the influence of the liquor was stronger than that of my rhetoric. It was very well, however, that I was again thought to be a reasonable animal. Had my poor father witnessed my disgrace, he would, I fear, have heaped an additional curse on my propensity.

PARENTAL FEELINGS.

I DISCOVERED I had fortunately directed my flight to the inn to which the passengers had been conducted. Day closed, and I began to think of the manner in which I should spend

spend the evening ; I found myself alone in a small room, but by the noise and bustle above, around, and below me, I knew that I might have society if I would seek for it. But I was disposed neither to communicate, nor to hear; to expostulate, or to be talked to ; to laugh, or to be laughed at. I rang the bell ; a waiter appeared, and I requested him to lend me some books. " Books, sir ?"—" Aye, books, sir." He went out, but soon returned, and informed me that there were no books in the house. " I suppose you have the Bible, my good friend ?"—" No, indeed, we have not, sir ; a lawyer wanted one in the morning, to swear an old lady to an affidavit, and I had to run all about the neighbourhood to borrow one."—" Do you ever pray ?"—" We are always too busy for that, sir."—" That is the excuse of many a professed Christian," said I ; " but I will thank you for writing materials."

Pens, ink, and paper were soon brought to me ; and to amuse myself, and waste time, I sat down with the *resolution* of being poetical. I began an epic, and thought of completing

pleating a book, at least, before twelve o'clock; but my muse was so very ill-humoured, that she would not allow me to get through six lame lines of the invocation. I threw it aside.—A satire;—it was totally destitute of wit. An epistle;—there was neither sense, nor spirit in it. I then entered into an ode on the rapidity of ideas; but I was twenty minutes in composing the first line, and I could not recollect a word in the English language to rhyme with the third. I found myself unpoetical, and threw my pen aside with chagrin and vexation.

How shall I spend the evening, said I, to myself? I now recollected the emigrants, and was enraged with myself for having forgotten them so long.—It seemed to me a breach of humanity, a neglect of fellowship. Willing to make reparation, I immediately sought for the Frenchman, and soon discovered him. His daughter had retired to bed; he had just taken some wine-whey to her, and had left her more tranquil and composed than she had been for many preceding days. I entreated him to favour me with his company to supper;

per ; but, shaking his head, and sighing, he assured me that he had no appetite. I then requested his company for the evening, and was successful in persuading him to go with me to the room that I had engaged. He there lamented that I should have so dull a companion as himself, and confessed that misfortune had made him almost unfit for society.

“ Not for the society of those,” I said, “ in whose hearts God has planted compassion.”

“ And you are one of those,” said Monsieur Maland.

“ I have the frailty of human nature ; I, however, know what is my duty, and the voluntary performance of it gives me pleasure.”

The emigrant told me some of his misfortunes ; and had the king of Denmark’s jester been living, he could not afterwards, with all his gibes and gambols, songs, and flashes of merriment, have excited one smile, or touched the chords of laughter. Monsieur Maland’s story was brief : personal safety compelled

pelled him to quit France : his eldest son—his blooming rose—for so he called him, was one of the victims of the execrable Maximilian. His wife died with grief soon after the execution ; his other, and *only* son, was then fighting with Charette, in La Vendee ; and his daughter was drooping under the pressure of sorrow and of affliction. Monsieur Maland retired as soon as he had given me these outlines of a fuller story of horrors. He did not speak ; he probably could not ; but, ah ! what eloquence beamed from the eye of the wretched emigrant.

THE LANDLORD'S WISH.

WHEN I first entered into the army war appeared to me in the most seductive colours ; the description of the poets fired me ; I was warm in the pursuit of fame ; I thought of laurels, of trophies, and of triumphant arches ; I envied the greatness of Alexander, and panted to have a portion of his glory attached to my name.

name. The history of my own country also animated me. I read with avidity and delight the achievements of Richard in Palestine; and had Harry Percy been living I could have strained him to my breast.

I then looked on war with the eyes of an enthusiast; I was now inclined to view it as a philosopher. Heaven and earth! I exclaimed, what horrors, national and individual, arise from this dreadful evil; an evil which, to the eye of ambition, and to that of infatuated youth, as well as to that of obstinate opinion, is totally disregarded. Those who endeavour to make a breach between two nations, and those who draw the plan of war, and speculate on its advantages, ought to be actively employed in it; ought to be exposed to its many intricate dangers, and to be practically as well as theoretically acquainted with it.

My landlord interrupted me: he hoped that my supper had pleased me; that the wine was good; and that the noise of the company did not disturb me. "Not at all," I replied to his last question; "but your house seems very full."

full."—Yes, sir; the war—the war brings me in a great deal of company."—"And yet, I dare say, my good friend, you wish for peace."—"O, no, indeed!" replied my host; "I have been in this house only a few months, and I gave two hundred pounds for the goodwill of it: I hope the war will continue at least four years."—"Seriously?"—"Yes, seriously."

"O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men."

Perhaps it was fortunate for me that my host knew nothing of Shakspeare, and that he could not understand blank verse. I do not, however, think that he looked so pleasantly when he left the room as he did when he entered it. "Why should I so greatly censure an illiterate fellow," said I, "for regarding his interest, when I know that men, possessing what are called enlightened minds, are acting in the same manner!"

A COACH DISPENSED WITH.

I RETIRED to my chamber.—I never saw a neater room, or a prettier chamber-maid. “You are very handsome, my dear,” said I, to her.—“You are very civil to say so,” she replied. “Why do you not marry, my pretty girl?”—“Because the times are not adapted to matrimony; men are thoughtless; provisions dear; and children burthensome. When there is an alteration in all these things I intend to alter my condition.”—“I hope, in the mean time, my dear girl, you will not die an *old maid*.”

When I rose in the morning I found Monsieur Maland preparing for his journey to London. He was going by the stage-coach, and his lovely, but afflicted daughter, was equipped for travelling. I was greatly tempted to go to town with them; but having previously formed a different plan, I still adhered to my original intention. Wishing Monsieur Maland happiness and prosperity, and his
c daughter

daughter a re-establishment of health, I put the latter into the stage, (which immediately drove away) and sent a sigh of compassion after them.

I strolled, I knew not whither, and soon found myself on the beach. After amusing myself some considerable time by observing the singularities of the bathers, and taking a dip in the sea, I returned to the inn, and called for my bill. The landlord brought it, and I paid him the amount. The chamber-maid, the waiter, and, lastly, *Mr. Boots*, came forward to pay their respects. "John," cried the landlord, loudly, "get a chaise-and-four ready for this gentleman."—"Indeed, my good friend," I said, "I do not mean to travel in that manner."—"John, place only a pair of horses in the chaise."—"Sir, I do not want a chaise."—"Not want a chaise! Why, Sir, you do not intend to ride on horseback now the weather is so hot, and the roads are so dusty? Besides, you will not be able to get a saddle horse in the town, I assure you."—"I assure you," I replied, "I care nothing about it; I want neither chaise, nor horses; I

intend to walk to London."—"Walk!" exclaimed my host.—"Walk!"—"To London!"—"Even so; to walk to London." The landlord, the waiter, and the chambermaid, went laughing out of the room; and a splenetic man would have deemed them three very impertinent reptiles.

Man, amongst his brethren, aye, and amongst his sisters too, is generally esteemed, more or less, according to the strength or weakness of his purse; and as it was evident that my host, and his menials, concluded that oeconomical motives induced me to undertake this pedestrian journey, it is not surprising that they should thereafter regard me as a poor needy devil, who, to keep up an half-hour's appearance, had flashed away all his lightning. As I walked out of the door, my little dainty chamber-maid made me a low courtsey; the waiter bowed with affected gravity; and the landlord ironically wished me a *very pleasant walk*. I was in too good a humour to be offended by these pismires.

The distance to London was, I knew, considerable; but I was in excellent health and spirits; and not having to attend to any avocations, time was no consideration to me. "I will make a journal," said I, "and pen down a few observations on men and manners; 'Nothing will I extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.' I shall not be very careful in my descriptions, yet if I please *myself* my purpose will be answered."

Ye, who have traversed the wilds of Arabia, penetrated the forests of America, and feasted with Cherokees in wigwams; ye, who have climbed the steeps of the Pyrennes; ascended the summit of Vesuvius, and peeped into its crater; trotted on a mule to the top of *Mount Blanc*, and wandered through the essenced valley of Chamouny, look not with contempt on a solitary foot-passenger, treading a level county in his own kingdom, and occasionally stopping to regard trifles. It would be cruel if a lord, mounted on his blood horse, were to ride over the beggar and his ass.

THE PRETTY SHILLING.

I FOUND that the landlord had told me an untruth.—The weather was not hot; it was temperate. The roads were not dusty; I never saw them in a more agreeable state. The month was June, and the aspect of nature fascinating. The meadows were covered with kingcups; the hedges were thickly entwined with wild suckles; and the high corn waved to the summer gale, and, catching the beams of the sun, shewed many diversified and beautiful shades. It is true I saw no mountains, no lakes; heard no torrents roar; nor did I tread the ridges of any precipices, nor view the fathomless sea, *fathoms* beneath my feet; yet the simplicity of the scene pleased me, and I stood some time contemplating it.

I walked nearly four miles without meeting so many people: at length my eye was arrested by a very pretty cottage girl, who was
c 3 talking

talking with an old woman. They smiled; they laughed aloud; and the younger shewed a large share of joy. My impertinent curiosity induced me to stop and listen. "And so, you have had a letter from Thomas," said the old woman; "well, and how does he do?"—"O, brave and pure!" replied Sally; "you never heard such a sweet letter in all your life: it cost me nine-pence, and I was forced to change the pretty shilling, which my grandmother gave me for a keep-sake: but what is a shilling, or half-a-crown, or even a guinea, to such a sweet letter as this?" "Read it; read it;" said the old woman. Sally took the letter from her bosom, unfolded it carefully, and began to read. My distance from them was not more than a dozen yards, and a thick hawthorn screened me. Sally stood with her back towards me, and the old dame peeped over her shoulder. I had a small telescope in my pocket: I was again prompted to be impertinent; and I not only heard, but saw every word in the following letter.

"My

“ MY HEVENLY FARE,

“ There is no plessure ekel to that of writen to my sweet Sally, of who I frekently think wen I might be enjoyin all the jois and disputations of this gai motropelus. My dear creatur, you wil ever find your Thomas your most dewoted and effecshnate lover, thow you be plased in a lawly spear. I often think, Sally, what a quis I was in the country, and of my wateren the hoffes and feeden the pigs. I am reddy to hexpire with larfter. Wy, if you was to see me now you woud not naw me; and I have larnt to talk like the Lunnuners, in sich a manner that I am sure you woud not recolect my vice. We live at the west ind of the towne, and I have not bin abel to carl on John Sturgeon yet: John is in the fitty, and peeple in our part do not like to go to the fitty, it is so very vulgar. Wen I fust came the sarvants larft at me till I was quite ashamed: one askt me wether I coud eat bakin and beens; another wat the names of my hoffes were; and my ladys maid henquired wether we had any pritty female russticks in the country. But they were all kind enuf to make a moddun of me; so I now wear frilled

shurts and filk stockins, and my lady pais a ginny a yere to the king for lettin me have a wite hed. I visit the play, and go and se traggedy and commody: dere Sally, if you coud but se the lades darnce; they darnce almost naked, and throw their legs about in sich a manner that I was quite asheamed the fust time, and turned my hed away: but now I clap, and cry brawvo and hencore, which is Lattin, and means, do it agin; do it agin. My lord and lady lives in grate stile, and vissit all the grand peeple: they go to bed at three in the mornin, and rise at two in the arternoon. My lady have a consort every Sundy, and arter that a snug card partty; and my lord will loose an hundred ginnys a nite, without looseing his temper, althow he nows that he shall have harf a hundred trubblesum tradesmin in the mornin dunnin him for munny, wich he can't pay. I wish, my dere Sally, we had you amongst us; we woud shaw you wat life is. I know not wen I shall se your sweet eyes agin; but, parhaps, I may make a tower at Crismas to se you and the old ones. Dear Sally, your most lovin adorer,

“THOMAS RUBRUST.”

Sally

Sally and the old woman went laughing into the cottage, and I stole from my hiding-place and walked forward. "Ah, Thomas!" I exclaimed, "thou art an incorrigible fellow. It is greatly to be lamented that you ever left your native village: by living three months in London you have lost all your purity, and your honest simplicity has been converted into cunning. The dissolute servants of your still more dissolute master 'have fooled you to the top of your bent,' and stripped you of all your good qualities. But it is not to be wondered at that an illiterate servant should fall into vulgar errors, when his lord comes home every morning drunk and pennyless, and his lady amuses herself with cards and music on the day which God set apart for holiness."

THE LAME BOY AND ASS.

MUSING on the vices of the great, and on the influence of their actions, I scarcely raised my eyes from the ground for full half an hour, when I lifted up my head, and saw a poor little deformed object, riding on a very stubborn ass. The boy's cheeks were fallow, and his eyes were deeply sunk in his head, which seemed to grow beneath his shoulders. Compassion crept into my heart immediately on beholding the miserable little fellow; and I secretly praised nature for bestowing on me the proper human form and faculties.

The unfortunate creature seemed as if he had been lately frightened; and he attempted to look back on the road he had passed. Soon after I heard a whooping and halloing, and at a little distance saw a number of sturdy boys quickly approaching.

The deformed seemed more and more alarmed; and fruitlessly endeavoured to make the

the stubborn beast, on which he was mounted, go a quicker pace. A tear rose within his eye, and he looked on me as if to supplicate protection. "Fear nothing, my lad," I said, "I will guard you from injury."—"I wish I was dead!" said the boy, dejectedly.—"Why, my poor fellow?"—"If I were so the boys in the village could not ill-treat me."—"And why do they treat you ill?"—"Because I am lame. They never see me out but they behave most cruelly to me. I was going to the mill yesterday, with the gleaning corn of my poor mother, who is sadly ill, and they made the ass throw me into a deep ditch, which hurt me greatly."—"Inhuman!" I exclaimed; "I would I had been near to you at the time."

I had scarcely spoken these words when the pursuers came up to us: some of them threw pieces of clay at the object of their sport; and others attempted to prick the ass with pins, in order to make it throw its rider. I laid my cane pretty smartly on the backs of some of the boys, and prevented them afterwards from running away. "Inhuman young

scoundrels," said I, with austerity, "can you find amusement in taunting and injuring a fellow-creature? His distresses and misfortunes ought to excite your pity, and not your derision. You should protect, assist, and support him, and not cruelly add to his pains and afflictions. I am convinced that he is a better boy, and possesses a better heart than any of his enemies. Henceforth do not dare to insult or follow him: I shall be often through the village; and be assured, that my cane shall be applied to your backs, if you are rash and cruel enough again to molest this poor little fellow. Remember, I shall be through the village almost every day."

The boys were penitent; they promised to behave better for the future, and went quietly away. O, how eloquently did the eyes of the deformed thank me for my support! I accompanied him to his mother's cottage, and took him off the ass. The poor woman was extremely ill; I advised her to send her son out as little as possible; and, making her a small present, I wished her a good day, and again went forward.

I felt.

I felt myself interested for the poor little deformed ; I was sorry to see the vice of ridicule so prevalent amongst youth, and when I came to a resting place, I wrote something on the subject, which is more applicable to the propensities of *children of a larger growth*.

ESSAY ON DEFORMITY.

IN society it is painful to observe, with what levity one person often treats another : man was not made to be the jest of man ; and he who accustoms himself to this indulgence, is more likely to betray his own depravity and want of sense, than to stigmatize, or expose, the person against whom his malignant wit is directed. A man whose disposition is of this nature should be studiously avoided ; for it is probable that while he endeavours to amuse us by his general sarcasms, he is forming the idea of making us the next objects of his
rancorous

rancorous arrows. In this class of beings, we generally find many idlers, who having no employment to claim a portion of their time, make it their constant business to pry into the concerns of their neighbours, and to comment upon those actions which cannot, in any manner, relate to them. It is truly a matter of surprise to reflect on this indolence and malignity of character, and also on the trifles which bring to them so much gratification, and which, by men, in general, would pass without attracting the most inconsiderable notice. They are well content to lounge away ten or twelve hours, in a state of inactivity, made more despicable by illiberal satire; feasting with avidity, on senseless and insipid anecdote, and frequently deriding such objects, as, in the sensible and humane mind, would awaken pity and concern.

The last allegation is more intimately connected with the present subject. The beauty of the human form shews the excellence of our great Maker: designed by him to be superior to the animal world, he gave us greater faculties of mind and body; and our
most

most judicious and noble bard, after enumerating the various perfections of the species, justly terms man the *paragon* of animals. Of the beauty before alluded to we are oft-times too conscious: there is a certain attention to person which is commendable; but I should be better pleased with

—————“men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders*,”

than with the civilized Christian who places his merit on superiority of person, or endeavours to enhance it by speaking comparatively of those who have suffered under affliction, and are unfortunate in coming defective from the mould of nature. Our fellow-men, under either of those circumstances, are entitled to our love, to our notice, and to our protection, more than those who labour under no infirmities, and bear all the enviable and distinct properties of their species. Every man has a portion of sensibility; and to wanton with the feelings of the most lowly individual, shews the corruption

* Shakspeare.

of the heart, and the frivolity and baseness of the mind. Sporting with the unfortunate has ever been too general; humanity has suffered much by it; and the gain of the idler only proves a temporary source of unnatural amusement, which entails the anger of Heaven on him, for stooping to such capricious, inhuman, and nefarious actions.

The purest and most noble soul may exist in the body of deformity; there are no men who will not admit the independence of the former; how is it, then, that they dare to sport with the latter? It is a question that I have oft-times put to myself, and I can only conjecture that it arises from depravity contracted in early life, and which, through custom, roots itself so firmly in the mind, that it grows too obstinate for expulsion. But there is, in this respect, much censure to be laid on parents, as well as on others who have the guardianship and tuition of children. It is obvious that many of our antipathies are formed in our early days, when the mind is more easily impressed, and when reason is insufficient to lead us to discriminate

minate perfect good from *inactive evil*; for so those faults and errors in children may be termed, which are but *partially* shewn. Parents, in order to render their children in a great degree amiable, should be studious in correcting these propensities; and they ought to use every endeavour to conquer the childish prejudices that may arise in regard to those unfortunate beings of whom I have before spoken.

Even in the maturer state of life, how often do we hear expressions of ridicule and contempt bestowed upon a person whose limbs may be somewhat disproportioned, and whose body happens to be marked with deformity? Can the risibility of any rational being be excited by seeing a man of decrepid form or disfigured statue? If a corrupt emotion rises within the breast on the appearance of such an object, it may surely be effectually suppressed by the self-enquiry of, *who* was his maker? The answer is explicit—God. If God then be his maker, who shall dare to ridicule the form in which he appears? In our own persons we have no security;

curity; affliction may fallow our countenances, and destroy all the sap of youth; pain may distort our features, and make our vigorous and erect bodies weak and decrepid. These are some of the many situations of which we cannot form so just an idea as by supposing ourselves actually attached to them. It is a disgraceful thing, that an unfortunate man must be the subject of ridicule, and that an observer can stand calmly by, and suffer the wanton to exercise their incongruous wit with impunity. And yet, in the public streets, it may be daily observed, that a deformed man meets not only derision from the thoughtless school-boy, but is also subject to the unnatural taunts, gross epithets, and unremitting insolence of those of an advanced age. "Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark," said a senseless young fellow, one evening, in a large company, to a gentleman who entered the room, and whose misfortune it was to have a protuberant form. The company preferred wit to merit, and laughed vociferously. The stranger, however, was not disconcerted: "Dost know this water-fly?" he cried, addressing a person who stood near

to

to him; calling, at the same time, a most expressive look of contempt upon a truly handsome face. The company liked the quickness of this connected quotation, and now reversed their ridicule; which gave great displeasure to the man of wit, whose heart was callous enough to rejoice on occasioning pain to others, yet unable to bear the slightest raillery or insinuation.

The soul of a man is not to be judged by the formation of his body; for the one may be truly noble, though the other bear the stamp of deformity. Many authors, in this respect, have not drawn their characters from nature. It is a pretty general rule among the literati, when they characterize a bad man, to make him disgustful in countenance, and defective in body; and in productions of amusement, this mode of delineation has been carried so far, that an indiscriminate reader may probably be induced to turn physiognomist, and take a pique against every man whose face does not happen to please him. Had Shakspeare drawn Richard the Third as a man of personal beauty, and not reversed the sanguine-

sanguinary disposition of the monster, the judicious would have held it in equal abhorrence, though it might not so well have accorded with the vulgar opinion. But Shakspeare, in this character, wrought from history; had the drama been the structure of his imagination, he would not so far have forgotten nature as to join the properties of the soul with those of the body. In this play there certainly is too great a repetition of gross epithets, which coming generally from the lips of royalty, give us no very favourable opinion of princely declamation and court philippics. The language is not always that of noble resentment, well-directed contempt, and natural rage; it is sometimes petulant, abusive, and scolding. But, in the delineation of the guilty monarch, Shakspeare might have personal motives for exaggeration; for there is reason, even in these days, to believe that Richard was not of such an unnatural form as he has been drawn by many historians: be that as it may; it is the soul of Richard that creates horror, not the body; the mind is palled by the cruelties which are recited of him; but it is not particularly affected

fect by the want of grace, or symmetry, in his person. A glaring impropriety of this nature is to be observed in Dr. Smollet's novel of *Peregrine Pickle*; this author has also connected baseness and deformity, in delineating the young 'squire; and the buffoonery of making the personage so wretchedly shaped, as to bear the likeness of the baboon, is not only shamefully unnatural, but very unworthy of the genius of Smollet. I would humbly advise all authors, who may hereafter write books of entertainment, to avoid this impropriety, and likewise to be moderate whenever they attempt to portray by the rules of physiognomy, which ought not to influence them too powerfully.

The passion of ridicule, I think I may venture to say, is nearly equal in the breast of man and of woman; and observation will shew, very evidently, that it actuates those who have received the benefits of education, as much as it does the uninformed and illiterate. Shall I be pardoned if I go a step further? The former, I do believe, are more culpable than the latter: in genteel life
the

the hint, the sarcasm, and the insinuation are continually brought forward; and it is merely owing to polite *finesse* and judicious management, that they escape the censure which the *uninitiated* cannot award. Foibles of the like nature no woman of sense, or education, should yield to; they certainly do not arise from refinement; they are the offspring of vulgarity, and ought to be only in the possession of the truly vulgar. I would have ridicule entirely driven from the female breast; to point the shaft of it is vicious, unfeminine, and indelicate; and however fashion may have allowed it, yet modesty and humanity would gain 'more in the breach than the observance' of it.

But to come more intimately to the general subject, I will only ask in what light that woman must appear, in the eyes of the discerning, who smiles at the formation of a person of her own sex? That there are many inclined to this idle propensity, I will venture to assert. Does the malignant insinuation place her *mental* abilities in a more favourable view? Surely not. The person whom she
9
addresses

addresses must be depraved indeed to deem it the ebullition of wit. Does the pointed sneer, or the significant glance, add to her *beauty*? Certainly not. The human countenance is never so lovely as when it is irradiated by truth and candour. Taken in any point whatever it will appear defective, and only tend to lessen the value of the woman who wantonly indulges herself with such unamiable practices, which modern custom has made so prevalent. Many amiable and exemplary women, under the circumstances before alluded to, have secluded themselves from the world, merely because they were conscious of the depravity of it. Yet they have entertained the sentiments of Christianity; they have possessed all the virtues which ennoble their species; they have regarded every fellow-creature with general love; and many have participated the sweets of their charities, and derived the comforts and enjoyments of life from their beneficence. Blush ye who are unconscious of these virtues, even though God shall have fashioned you to a similitude of his angels.

A SIMPLE PICTURE.

“HAPPY must be the owner of that little cottage,” said I, directing my eyes towards it with an almost envious pleasure. It stood in a paddock some distance from the road; there was no path leading to it, and those who approached the door had to trample on many a flower. The garden was backward; the land in front was unbroken; a vine spread its arms over the wall, and a jasmine crept among its tendrils. A large irregular oak reared its head over a part of the cottage; an opening, towards the east, discovered some beautiful hills, light, green, and of gentle declivity; a brook gaddled through the verdant meadows, and the flowers which grew on its banks were shaded by willows. The slanting beams of the sun, which was now travelling far to the west, fell on the lattice, attracted the yellow head of the proud flower that “points it’s enamour’d bosom

to the ray," and spread a brighter bloom on the clustering damask-rose, and scarlet poppy. I thought I had never seen so beautiful a place; it seemed to be the haunt of simplicity. A neat old woman was spinning under the shade of the oak; on the countenance of the dame sat peace and serenity, but a broad smile frequently spread upon her face when she turned her eyes upon two girls, who, placed on low stools, were reeling the yarn from the well-laden spindles, and singing the tragical ballad of *Lord Thomas*.

While I was gazing on this happy party the village clock struck seven; the wheel was put aside; the stools and reels were carried into the cottage; and while the old woman retired to her domestic duties, the girls were skipping, leaping, and dancing on the turf. Their eyes sparkled with vivacity; their unaffected gaiety, raising their upper-lips, displayed teeth which were beautiful, and their short jetty locks curled round their ruddy cheeks. "Children of mirth," said I, "may every after hour be happy as the present. What a scene of domestic happiness is here

exhibited ! Can the circles of fashion produce such an one ? No ; fashion and folly subvert every good sentiment ; make the heart frivolous and vain, and callous to the tender affections. It is the custom of the times to ridicule simplicity ; I would it were also the custom to despise pride, vanity, and affectation."

The girls went into a covert, and I could no longer hear their ballad ; the evening breeze was fraught with the blackbird's notes, and with the silver music of the village bells. The sun sunk in the west, tinting the clouds with crimson, and the pale crescent seemed stationed on the tops of the opposite hills. I looked once more at the cottage,

" And said it was a blessed little place."

I then withdrew my eyes, and musing, perhaps too seriously, walked forward.

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

THE shades of night afterwards fell thick around me, but they were somewhat softened by the faint beams of the moon. Crossing the road I struck my foot against something, which I stooped to examine. I discovered that it was a book, in which there was a great deal of writing ; I put it into my pocket, and after walking some little way further, I arrived at a public-house, in which I meant to secure a lodging for the night. A small and simple supper was brought to me by my landlady ; my appetite was pretty strong, and the old lady's ale was excellent. " And now for an examination of my prize," said I, as my hostess closed the door. I took the book from my pocket, and found that it contained as much poetry as would fill a modern folio. It appeared to me to be original ; the book began with a tale, of which the following is a copy. It was entitled

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

“ OH! leave me not, my dear baron,
Oh, leave me not, I pray!
For I must ever weep and wail,
If thou wilt go away.

“ Bethink thee, what a little time
Has pass'd since we were wed ;—
Since I receiv'd the bridal kifs
Six months have scarcely fled.

“ And yet the blisful joys of love
Thou would'st so soon forego ;
And leave thy tender wife to pine
In sad distress and woe.

“ Hast thou not often said, thou ne'er
Would'st from me stray or fly ;
Hast thou not often vow'd with me
To live, with me to die ?

“ In health have I not strove to please,
And mirthful make the hour ;
In sickness have I ever fail'd
To shew the soothing power ?

“ For

“ For then I made my loving arms
A pillow for thine head ;
Nor would I let my bosom heave,
Until thy slumbers fled.

“ Oft, with my lips, thy lids I’ve prest,
And lull’d thee to repose ;
And made my plaints like summer’s wind,
That o’er the blue lake blows.

“ Perchance, thou in the night would’st wake,
And mark my sad employ ;
Then rapturous kisses on me prest,
And speak an husband’s joy.

“ Remember this, sweet lord ! and ne’er
Thy faithful wife forsake ;
Thy smile is life !—and wert thou gone,
My heart would surely break.

“ And scarcely should I wish to live,
When I no more could share
Thy lovely smile, or hear thy tongue
Affection’s force declare.

“ The lark no more would charm mine ear,
Or wake me in the morn ;
The death-owl, on the ivy’d tower,
Would shriek amidst the storm.

“ And fears would creep within my breast,
And chill the crimson stream ;
From my rude couch I should be rous'd,
By many a horrid dream.

“ For how could I gain tranquil sleep,
While thou in danger wert ;
How could I warp the active sense,
When bleeding at the heart ?

“ Ah, no ! beneath the storm of grief
My feeble head would bend ;
And church-yard reptiles on me feed,
And maidens mourn my end.

“ And canst thou, after this, deny
The fond request I've made ;
And think'st thou peace will be thy boon,
When I in earth am laid ?

“ Come, come, sweet lord ! and, from thy head
Let me the helm remove ;
And on thy brows a garland place,
Twin'd by the hands of love.

“ Come, come, dear Eustace ! look not like
The friend of bloody war ;
Call sweetness on thy cheek, and cast
The murderous sword afar.

O ! let.

“ O! let my hands this shield displace,
Its steel will chill my breast ;
I'll crown thee with fresh blooming flowers,
If thou remove thy crest.”—

So spake lord Eustace' beauteous wife,
While round his neck she threw
Her lily arms, and shed her tears,
As roses shed the dew.

And oft her ruby lips she prest
Upon the warrior's cheek,
And oft she rais'd to heaven her eyes,
Which eloquence could speak.

And many a little art she us'd,
The hero to detain ;
She smil'd, and wept, and closer clung,
And shew'd both joy and pain.

“ O'erwhelm me not with this excess
Of fondness, Eustace cried ;
I'll love thee till the hour of death,
Let good, or ill, betide.

“ May Heaven upon thy head, sweet Maud!
An hourly blessing send ;
May pleasure strew thy path with flowers,
And peace on thee attend.

“ Yet I must to the wars, my love!
For all that thou canst say;
And join my brave, awaiting clan,
Ere pass this hour away.

“ I trust, ere long, I shall return
Victorious to thine arms;
And place my trophies at thy feet,
Less valu'd than thy charms.

“ Why then, sweet Maud! should'st thou be sad,
Or wear the garb of woe?
There is no cause that these bright eyes
Should, with grief's tide, o'erflow.

“ When in the camp, at night, I'm laid,
And damps on me descend,
My thoughts shall turn from war to thee,
My life, my love, my friend!

“ Ere close my eyes I'll send to Heaven
Thy name, with fervent prayer;
And beg the spirits that sail above,
To guard thee with their care.

“ When I am gone,—and moments few
I must with thee remain,—
To timid fear a stranger be,
Unknown to grief or pain.

“ Follow

“ Follow the deer o’er hill and plain,
And hear the sweet-ton’d horn ;
And take my hawks and silver bells,
And sport at eve and morn.

“ My minstrels many a tune can play,
And sweep th’ harmonious string ;
And many a storied ditty old
Most pleasingly can sing.

“ And sometimes at the altar kneel,
And bend before the Lord ;
Angels, who watch our deeds on earth,
Will thy pure words record.

“ Now, my sweet Maud! a farewell kiss
With tendernefs I take ;—
Thy tears restrain, thy sobs suppress,
Or thy dear heart will break.”

“ And let it break,” fair Maud replied,
“ Then I no more shall feel
Those agonising pangs, which wound
More than the sharp-edg’d steel.

“ Talk not to me of joy and peace,
For when thou hence dost fly,
May I the damp earth instant press,
My spirit yield,— and die.

“ What are the deer and horn to me,
And hawks, and silver bells?—
They will not please mine ear so much
As wolves loud midnight yells.

“ The minstrels ne’er shall strive to charm,
Their harps shall be unstrung,
Nor ballad sweet, nor ditty old,
Be in the castle sung.

“ And, in the chapel’s gloom, I’ll waste
Night’s last and solemn hour;
And lay my cheek on some cold tomb,
Though kindred spectres lour.

“ Oh! leave me not to all these griefs.—
Canst thou my boon deny?
And canst thou spurn me from thy neck,
And leave me,— here to die?

“ Let me thy sword with roses twine,
And hang it in the hall;
And let me now my singing maids
And merry minstrels call.

“ Come, kiss me, Eustace!—are my lips
No longer moist and red?
Or is the hue that grac’d my cheek,
From thence already fled?

“ Feel

“ Feel how my troubled bosom beats,
With anxious love’s alarms;
I’ve heard thee say, ’twas passing white,
While resting in thine arms.

“ I know thou wilt not leave me now,
I know thy heart is mild;
Then hence, vain fears, distracting doubts,
And hence forebodings wild.

“ Let me thy sword with roses twine,
And hang it in the hall;
And let me now my singing maids
And merry minstrels call.”

“ It cannot be, (lord Eustace said,)
To honor I am bound;
And he who breaks its sacred laws,
Shall ever base be found.

“ The store of joys which thou hast nam’d,
Shall happy Eustace share,
When, from the wars, with fame he comes
To bless his lovely fair.

“ Adieu!—my trampling steed I hear,
Loud neighing at the gate;
Cherish me in thy mind—but ne’er
Think what *may* be my fate.”

Then out the hall lord Eustace flew,
But, as he onward went,
He heard the wildest shrieks that e'er
By mortal breath were sent.

Up the high battlements, with speed
And eagerness, Maud ran ;
Nor from the mountains turn'd her eye,
'Till vanish'd all the clan.

Tho' she appear'd as mild as saints,
Which are allow'd to dwell
In heaven—a blacker fiend ne'er breath'd
The noxious air of hell!

She was a devil of beauteous face,
Corrupt and frail in mind ;
Deception on her accents hung,
While ruin lurk'd behind.

“ Go, go! she cried—and on thy head
May swift destruction come ;
May the fleet arrow pierce thy heart,
Ere fade, at eve, the sun.

“ May wily death his arm extend,
And take thee by surprize ;
May he surround thee with his shades,
And seal, ere long, thine eyes.

“ And didst thou think—fond, witless fool!
 That I thy loss should mourn?—
 And didst thou think my briny tears
 Would flow 'till thy return?

“ O, had my arm, which round thy neck
 I threw, an adder been,
 It should have made a cureless wound,
 Too cunning to be seen.

“ No, Baron!—I'll not pace the aisle,
 When haunting phantoms lour;
 Nor waste the night upon the tomb,
 Shedding pale Sorrow's shower.

“ Come, Pleasure, come! for thou shalt rule
 The day, as well as night;
 Rouse each fine sense by mortal felt,
 And sport with young delight.

“ Go, thou light-footed page,—and bid
 The warden me attend;—
 Away, thou smiling imp!—be swift!—
 And I will prove thy friend.”

Then, on a velvet couch, she threw
 Her beauteous—hellish form?
 And lovelier smiles were never seen
 In one of woman-born.

Her amorous-breasts she laid to view,
And cast her robe away.—
Daughter of vice!—and didst thou thus
Thy heroe's love repay?

The warden came, full bent on deeds
Of vile, unholy lust;
And sin lascivious smil'd, and spoke
Each darksome action just.

“ O, Maud! didst thou not in the clouds,
A speck of vengeance see?
And could'st thou, from that hour, expect
To taste but misery?

“ O, Maud! and didst thou not behold
Hell's blue, sulphureous flame?
Didst thou not hear the prying fiend
Thy horrid fate proclaim?”

Loud mirth and revelry were heard
Within the castle walls;
And laughter, music, sport, and song,
Resounded in the halls.

The goblet, fill'd with rosy wine,
Was ever on the round;
And flowers, entwin'd by wanton hands,
The fair adult'refs crown'd.

And, every night, the warden lay
In Eustace' wedding bed ;
And, every night, on Maud's white breast,
Reclin'd his guilty head.

Thus, heedless of the path she went,
She trod Perdition's way ;
And stoop'd so low to act her deeds
Of darkness—in the day.

The summer months had worn away,
Yet Eustace came not home ;
In search of fame, it was his pride
Bright glory's fields to roam.

Yet oft his thoughts with rapture dwelt
Upon the bliss that he
Should share, when war her dagger hid,
And he return'd with glee.

But ne'er a sigh of pining love
From Maud's white breast was sent ;
But ne'er a tear of soft regret
Was, for his absence, spent.

Lascivious mirth and wanton wiles
Her ev'ry hour employ'd ;
The lawless kisses she receiv'd,
Delighted, never cloy'd.

Soft breath'd the lute ; the dulcet harp
The minstrels touch'd with skill ;
And every vassal lowly bow'd
To Maud's imperious will.

One night, when, at the hour of twelve,
The full orb'd moon rose red,
Wak'd by a well-known voice, she left
Her vile, polluted bed.

And, from a window, saw her lord,
Upon a coal-black steed ;—
“ Come down, sweet Maud ! (the warrior cried)
And greet me here with speed.

“ Wake none that sleep—the massy gate
I can, with ease, unclofe ;
Come down, sweet Maud ! this instant come,
And I'll remove thy woes.”

She went—the portal open'd wide,
The warrior left his horse ;
Which paw'd the ground, neigh'd loud, and seem'd
To take in air its course.

“ Well, Maud ! once more I am return'd,
Return'd to thee, my wife !
And never will I leave thee more,
Whilst thou and I have life.

“ Haft.

“ Hast thou been well, since from thy arms
 War urg'd me to depart?
 I fear the pangs of rude suspense
 Have wounded thy true heart.

“ To thee, dear Maud! I've been most just,
 No cheek my lips have prest;
 And, since I left thee, woman ne'er
 Have taken to my breast.

“ But, ere thy kisses I receive,
 Or ere thy hand is laid
 Upon my frame, I'll ratify
 The vows which I have made.

“ Come, we will to the chapel, love—
 Nay, nay,—it shall be so;
 If thou this poor request refuse,
 From thee again I'll go.”

“ But it is horrid dark, my lord!
 And dangerous is the way;
 Let the torch-bearers light us on,
 Or let us wait 'till day.”

“ If any vassal shew his face
 I'll hurl him into hell;—
 Come, come—ere fly the hour away,
 I trust all will be well.”

Thro' many a winding Eustace led
His once all lovely wife,
Within whose breast cold fears arose,
While terror urg'd its strife.

A glimmering light before them went—
'Twas by no mortal borne—
And, thro' the passages, the wind
Was sad'y heard to mourn.

“ O, Maud! and didst thou not behold
Hell's blue sulphureous flame;
Didst thou not hear the prying fiend
Thy horrid fate proclaim?”

At length they reach'd the sacred spot;
Lord Eustace' knee was bent;
And thrice he solemn bow'd his head,
And prayers to heaven he sent.

“ Here, by the Lord, who reigns above,
I swear to thee I've prov'd
Both true and just, in act and thought,
And constant where I lov'd.

“ O, my sweet wife! I ne'er forgot
The fervent vows I made
When at the altar you appear'd,
A bride, with smiles array'd.

“ I know

“ I know thou art, as angels pure—
Yet bend before the shrine;
And, in the holy name of God,
Repeat an oath like mine.”

She sunk, o’erpower’d with weighty shame;
Cold ran the crimson stream;
The impious vow she faltering made,
Her dreadful guilt to screen.

“ Here, by the Lord who reigns above,
I swear to thee I’ve prov’d
Both true and just, in act and thought,
And constant where I lov’d.”

“ Now let’s to bed! the warrior cried,
The hour of morn is near;
To bed!—to bed!—and taste of joy,
And banish every fear.

“ But stay—dear Maud! upon me look;
Inspect thy husband’s face;
See if the smiles of love are fled,
Or health’s fresh blooming grace.”

The light increas’d; but whence it came
Was still to Maud unknown;
Just then the bat pursu’d the way
The death-owl late had flown.

She

She look'd—no lovely lord she saw ;
A grisly skull appear'd ;
No eyes within the sockets shone ;
Its clattering hand was rear'd !

Maud shrieking fled!—with unheard steps
The phantom pac'd the aisle,
And threw its arms around her waist,
And bade her on him smile.

“ What ! dost thou not my visage like,
My countenance approve ?
Oh ! oh ! my lady, thou art grown
Full fickle in thy love.

“ Compound of vice and perjury ! hear,
From me, thy final doom ;—
Thou wilt in death's abyss be plung'd,
Ere dissipates the gloom !

“ Ere the harsh-noted raven flies,
Scar'd by the chapel's bell,
Thou wilt, I say—heaven knows with grief—
Fathom the depth of hell !

“ In battle I my breath resign'd,
Then rotted on the plain ;
And from my body birds of prey
Were wont their food to gain.

“ When

“ When the sharp pangs of death assail’d
 I thought thy bosom pure;
 Fiercer my tortures grew, to think
 On what thou would’st endure.

“ But, after I had pass’d thro’ life,
 Thy guilt was all reveal’d;
 Know, wretch! that God our actions scans,
 From whom there’s nought conceal’d.

“ Many a night around the bed,
 By thee defil’d, I walk’d;
 And many a murky deed beheld,
 Ere to my home I stalk’d.

“ O, wily Maud!—unfeeling wife!
 The guilt and shame be thine;
 It was my hope that thou would’st once
 A faint, with glory, shine.

“ That hope is past; for thou art doom’d
 To feel eternal pain;
 Lament not—sorrow comes too late,
 And thy contrition’s vain.”

The phantom rear’d his bony arm,
 (The light before him flew)
 Nor turn’d his grisly head aside
 ’Till near the door he drew.

The earth gap'd wide, and Maud, with shrieks,
Fell many a fathom down ;
While roaring imps, with horrid din,
Her wailings strove to drown.

The wild inhabitants receiv'd
Th' adulterous wretch with screams ;
And, thro' the suffocating smoke,
Were seen hell's fiery gleams.

Each sight that cross'd her blasted eyes
Rais'd horror, dread, and fear ;
Fierce pangs assail'd, and dark fiends groan'd
Damnation in her ear !

THE DIVINE.

“AND I hope you rested well; and I hope the bed proved to your liking,” said my landlady, when she first saw me in the morning. “It is my wish, Sir, to accommodate and please every person as far as I can: it is true my place is but small, still it is large enough for almost all my customers.”—“And yet, by the number I saw last night, I should suppose that your customers are pretty numerous.”—“Aye, but they are all goers and comers; and though some of them frequently sleep here, they seldom think of a bed. A chair, and a great coat for a pillow, serve them as well. Lord bless you! our parson often spends his night in this manner; he is the merriest man you ever saw; I dare say there never was a more funny parson.”—“A funny parson!”—“Quite a wag; always the best man of the company; he pays well, drinks a great deal, tells the most oddest stories, and sings the most drollest songs that
you

you ever heard." — "Harkye, landlady! does he ever talk of heaven?" — "O, yes; once a week, in the pulpit: you know it would be profanation here." — "Of hell?" — "Why, he says, at church, that we shall all go there, if we do not live like, and perform the offices of, good christians." — "Humph! and you believe him?" — "We must not doubt, Sir, what so learned a man says." — "True; in the eyes of a person of ordinary intellects, the learning of a priest shall be a cloak for a thousand vices." — The landlady did not take the meaning of this; she, however, nodded her head significantly. "Your parson often prays?" — "Very often." — "Never swears?" — "Very seldom." — "You never heard him do so?" — "Sir, I have known him ten years, at least, and never in all that time heard him swear an hundred oaths." — "Indeed! no more?" — "Not more than two hundred, I solemnly declare. Last night he did fend forth a bouncer. A poor woman, who is since dead, sent for him to pray with her: the distance to her cottage was full a mile, and a large bowl of hot punch was then placed on the table. He was loth

to leave it; and he called the sexton a ——."

—"What?"—"A damned impertinent fellow; not that he meant any harm; no, not he; God bless you, it is his way. He went to the cottage in about twenty minutes; but before he reached it the poor woman was dead, and could not, therefore, hear his good discourse; so he came here again, drank another bowl of punch, ate three Welsh-rabbits, and played whist till three o'clock in the morning. But, dear me, how I talk. I suppose, Sir, you will have some breakfast."—"No, I will first walk a few miles."—"Then, Sir, will you drink a glass of shrub?"—"No."—"Or peppermint, to keep the wind from your stomach?"—"No."—"Or a drop of aniseed?"—"No, no."—"I do not like to see travellers go away without a little of something that is nice."—I agreed to take some breakfast with her, and soon after placed myself before a table, which was plentifully covered. My hostess diverted me with a great many anecdotes of the parson, of the lawyer, and of the neighbouring gentry. Her outlines and colouring, however, were sufficiently strong: she cast a shade over some of her portraits,

Barthol

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which

which made them disgusting; and some others she touched so slightly and humourously, that risibility could not withstand them.

Indeed, the mistress of the red-lion was a woman of some ability. I paid her bill, and, after breakfast, bade her adieu, having previously assured her of calling at her house, if I should ever travel the road again.

I'LL NEVER DO SO AGAIN.

A LOVELIER morning never broke upon the world: creation was smiling; flowers, fruits, meadows, and luxuriant corn-fields were seen around; the ground had been moistened by a copious shower, and the summer-heat was allayed by a charming west wind. I walked along, joyous and happy. After my absence from England the scenes appeared new to me; every face that I beheld was clothed

clothed either with gaiety or indifference ; the task of labour was performed even with smiles, and a rich reward seemed to attend the husbandman's toil. While I was moralizing on the apparent prosperity and happiness of things and persons, my notice was attracted by the plaints of a girl, who was walking with an old woman in a small orchard. Her distress was visible ; her sobs were violent ; and the lustre of her large black eyes was dimmed with tears. " Oh, hear me ! hear me, my dear mother," she cried ; " I want to unburthen my heart, but I fear to do it. You will never forgive me, I am sure you will not ; you will hate, and my father will curse me."—" Why, what have you done ? Come, come, it cannot be much. I hope you have not broke the tea-pot."—" Oh, no !"—" Or, perhaps, it is the great christening bowl ?"—" Would to heaven it were no greater crime ! Oh, if ever you pitied a wretch, for God's sake, pity me ! Mother, mother, I am with child !"—" Good God !" exclaimed the old woman ; " mercy on me ! O dear ! O dear ! with child ? with child, hussy ?"—" Ah ! I see you hate me, and I hate myself. What misery

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sery have I suffered in concealing this ! Here comes my father ! I dare not stay to see him, for I am sure he will kill me."

The father approached.—"Come, Fanny," he said, "put on your best clothes, and your Sunday finery; my lord came down to the hall last night, and there are to be rare doings to-day on the green, on account of his lordship's son being of age. There is to be a dance, at which my lady will be present and distribute ribbons. Ods, heart! what makes the girl so glum and melancholy? Come, be brisk; put on your green gown, and hasten to the hall with the other lasses of the village."—

"Let her put on a white sheet, and do penance in the church. Oh, husband! husband! you know not what a viper she is."—Fanny groaned and wept.—"Aye, aye, that will not do now," continued the mother; "that will not prevent the disgrace which will attend you when you bring your spuracious offspring, as our parson calls it, into the world. Husband, the girl is ruined."—"How?"—"She is with child."—"It is a lie."—"It is not a lie; the gospel is not more true."—"Indeed, indeed,

indeed, it is true," said Fanny, "I am with child: Thomas, who left his master this morning, is the father of the child; and I—" "Wife, do not stand between us; let me come near to her; I will beat her to death."

The woman softened, while the man raged: she held him by the coat; Fanny shrieked; and, I, like a knight errant, fearless of consequences, and too chivalric for sober reflection, leaped over the hedge, and caught the poor girl in my arms. This action was viewed in a favourable light by two of the three parties; but the sturdy cottager was not pleased with my trespass, and enquired what induced me to break through his fence.—"Humanity," I replied—"humanity urges me to protect the defenceless, and to make myself an impediment to the fury of an inconsiderate man. Do not regard me as an enemy: I am a friend to all of you; and, for heavens' sake, put aside your bad intents, and take your child to your bosom, rather than spurn her from you."—"I suppose you have heard her confession?"—"I have, and believe her to be more unfortunate than criminal; though she has been

led into error, her countenance convinces me that she is not habituated to vice. The frailties of our nature will not be lessened by taunts and reproaches: tenderness may reclaim, and make her a good and worthy woman; but severity might have a different effect, and urge her on to glaring improprieties. Her case is more pitiable than singular. How old is your daughter, my good woman?"—"She was eighteen on the fourth of last month."—"Poor thing! she is but young. And how long have you been married?"—"Why, when next Tuesday comes I shall have been married exactly eighteen years," replied the woman, unthinkingly. The cottager blushed for his wife. "Humph!" I cried,—“as I was saying, the poor girl's case is more pitiable than singular; receive her therefore again to your arms, and under her affliction treat her with tenderness. The goodness of her after-days will be your reward, and the prayers which she will put up for you in the evening shall be heard in heaven.”

The old man relented, and the affected girl rushed into his arms. “Forgive me, father!”

father!"—"I do forgive thee, my child."—"Forgive me, mother; forgive me!"—"God bless you, my dear daughter."—"O, my heart is so full!" cried Fanny; "I know I am a bad girl, and I know I have done that which should not have been done: but indeed, and indeed, *I will never do so again.*"

I was invited to walk into the cottage: this I did not decline; and out of the brown jug of the rustic I drank to the health and returning happiness of himself and his family. Fanny having wished me a good day, went weeping to her chamber: I loved the girl for her penitence, and was weak enough to wish that her sense of shame had been less acute. While I was discoursing with her father the door was suddenly opened, and a young man rushed into the room; it was the seducer of Fanny: but he did not come to triumph, or insult; he came to demand in marriage the woman whom he had injured, and whose person was still dear to him. The father reproved him, but yielded to his request: the old woman smiled happiness, and Fanny was soon in the arms of her lover. The following morning was fixed for

the wedding: I slipped a piece of money into Thomas's hand; and, kissing Fanny, I bade them adieu.

SCRAPS OF A POET.

“ I SHALL certainly do an hundred good things before my journey ends,” said I; “ I am fearful, that in the fullness of my gratification, I shall turn egot, and preach my own virtues.” I looked for no more adventures on that day: I walked about fifteen miles further; and, in the evening, turned out of the road, in order to rest myself in an adjoining meadow. I saw a small town about half a mile distant: “ There I will repose for the evening,” said I; “ but first let me see whether I can find any thing in my manuscript.” I opened the book and read some small pieces, of which the following are copies.

SONNET.

SONNET.

I KNOW not *why*, and yet I love to dwell
Upon those scenes which are for ever fled ;
To turn my sad thoughts to the honoured dead,
Who, stricken by the fatal arrow, fell
Under mine eye, and in my arms expir'd.
I love to call each rapture to my mind,
Tho' faded long—'till memory is tir'd,
And not a ray of peace remains behind.—
Strange, strange-enjoyment!—from the source of woe
Man has the power to draw a soothing charm ;
And, e'en while sorrow's tears impetuous flow,
He finds for many a wound a precious balm ;
And feels acutely misery and pain,
Then meets a calm that soothes his breast again.

SONNET.

I WAS by all the villagers belov'd ;
My little acts of kindness they did call
A good man's deeds: when past their cots I rov'd,
The ancient matron, and the herd-boy small,
Look'd in my face, expectant of a smile:—
The smile I ever gave them—and at night,
'Ere reason took its temporary flight,
They nam'd me in their prayers. From me all guile
They pray'd the blessed Lord of Heaven to keep;
To let the number of my days be great
They also pray'd; and that I ne'er might weep
For my own woes, or murmur at my state.—
I thank'd the innocents with tearful eye,
And plac'd them kindly in my memory.

SONNET.

SONNET.

ADVERSITY's rude winds bow'd down my head,
When I approach'd the ripening age of man:
Shock'd with the blast, affrighted pleasure ran
From my chang'd mansion; with her wildly fled
Contentment, who had cheer'd the hours of life,
And dissipated every little strife.—
E'en sage philosophy departed thence,
And the gay muse no longer sung of joy:
She chang'd her shell, and, rousing painful sense,
Strove every lingering comfort to destroy.
Sad, from that hour, her strains were heard to flow;
Morning and eve she rais'd a doleful sound,
Which flew most sad and melancholy round
My habitation—residence of woe.

SONNET.

I FLED the haunts of man :—perchance, I cried,
Grief will not follow to the rural shade :—
Soon in the bowing wood, in mead and glade,
Where summer flowers, which nature views with
pride,
No foot had rudely prest—I wandered wide,
Weaving those sweets I mourn'd must early fade ;
And sometimes near the riv'let's margin stray'd,
Or sought the hut where peace would oft reside.
Still grief was there ;—nor wood, nor glade was free ;
Her death-cold hand she plac'd upon my heart,
Friezing life's channel :—'twas a *curse to be*,
And my soul groan'd with the inflicted smart.
If impious, still I taxed Heaven's decree,
And bared my breast to the unfailing dart.

" Peace

“Peace to thee, gentle poet!” I cried; “whoe’er thou art, peace unto thee. If the lines which I have read be descriptive of thy own situation, from my soul I pity thee. If thy fortune be mean, I fear the trade of verse will not raise it. I would I could return thee thy property: if I thought my enquiries would prove successful, I would search all the attics in London for thee; and though I might probably find thee in a garret in Grub-street, or in the purlieus of St. Giles’s, where board and lodging are to be obtained on reasonable terms, I would not insult thy poverty, or depreciate thy talents.”

I soon after arrived at the town which I had descried, and spent the night at an inn; but I neither saw nor heard any thing worth relating. The landlord and landlady were too proud to pay a foot-traveller their respects; the waiter was not very courteous; and the chamber-maid was old, ugly, and ill-humoured. As I could make nothing of them, I went to bed early, rose early in the morning, and left them all behind me.

ARRIVAL AT IPSWICH.

As I intended to walk only twelve miles on that day, I began my journey very deliberately, and frequently loitered, with my book, under the shade of the trees. About two o'clock I reached Ipswich; I enquired for an inn, and was directed to an hotel. Landlords, I know, are not in general very complaisant to foot passengers; but here I met with civility and attention. The dinner was excellent, and the wine well-flavoured. As I had never before been in the town, I made several enquiries concerning it of the waiter, who was willing to give me all the information that he could. But I could *only* learn from him that there were twelve parishes, twelve churches, two bailiffs, twenty-four common-council-men, more parsons than were good, and more lawyers than were honest.

“ And

“ And so there are in other places, my friend,” said I, “ but you and I must be cautious in talking of those things. I asked you *who* they were, not *what* they were. This freedom of speech may be deemed criminal: who knows, but that, at this moment, some person may be talking of your villainy, and of my want of virtue? In scanning the vices of other men we are all inclined to be severe, and to forget those which are attached to ourselves; and though we fully with the breath of slander the objects of our satire, yet we turn with indignation even from the whisper of envy, or the slightest insinuation of malevolence.”—“ Very true, Sir,” replied the man, with some hesitation.

CARDINAL

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

THERE are few towns which do not claim the birth of some men of genius; but Ipswich—I do not remember, in the annals of biography, that that place ever gave birth to any distinguished character; to no eminent statesman; to no historian; to no poet, or painter. “This certainly is not the soil for genius,” said I, “or, surely, since the revival of letters, it would have produced a few men worthy of admiration.” But as I could not make any local discovery of greatness, genius, or exemplary virtue, I was happy that I could not recollect any person of notorious character, tainted reputation, or consummate vice, ever having lived on that spot.

I ordered a fowl for supper, and it was soon placed on the table.

“ It is true that genius may have here bloomed without notice, and sent forth its inspirations without meeting the smile of patronage. Some minstrel, gifted by the muse, may have poured his notes and strains over the waves of the Orwell, yet gained only cold applause and temporary fame.”

It was not till this moment I recollected that the crafty, the audacious, the aspiring Wolsey first drew the breath of life in this place. I was surprised that I had forgotten this circumstance, when my memory was on the hunt for eminent men. “ And yet, is it any honour to the place,” said I, “ that this man was born in it? As a churchman, was he not disgraceful? As a statesman, was he not oppressive? And, as a courtier, was he not the ready jack-all of a beastly king, whom he pampered in appetites the most sensual, and countenanced in voluptuousness the most gross? He had a brain of projects; a heart of avarice; and a soul of ambition. He was feared and execrated; flattered and abhorred: the veil of piety, with which he and his master endeavoured to hide their sins, was too thin to conceal

conceal the deformity; and the traits of the devil were discoverable in the saints. And yet Wolsey was the friend of learning, the encourager of literature, and the patron of arts. That reflection alone causes me to restrain my execrations, and inclines me to regard him as a man, rather than as a monster. I am pleased with the disgrace of such a person, and I can feel but little for the compunction and penitence that preceded his death. Are we to behold with compassion a man who has committed a thousand atrocities, and deeds which ought not to be named, because, on a sick bed, and some few hours before his final departure from life, he taxes himself with his crimes, and implores the forgiveness of heaven? This is the contrition of fear, arising from the apprehension of purgatory. Shall the penitence of a month wipe off the crimes of half a century? If so —”

The waiter came into the room, and asking me some foolish question, he drove the cardinal out of my head. I was piqued at first; but I afterwards dismissed the chancellor of our eighth Harry without much regret.

Before

Before I retired to my chamber I composed the following little poem, which may be considered as a continuation of those sentiments which I harboured ere Wolsey was remembered.

THE FOREST WANDERER.

Poor weary pilgrim! thy wild course give o'er,
 Thy feet are blister'd by thy grievous toil;
 Thine eye speaks much of woe;—language, alas!
 Which, by this bad world's little understood,—
 And from thy languid heart the sighs of grief
 Flow mournfully. Ah, pale wanderer! turn;
 Stretch thy pain'd limbs upon yon bank, o'er which
 The tall pines cast their shadows and repel
 The fervid sun-beams: rest there, thou alien!
 'Till nature shall thy form invigorate,
 Light up again the fires of thy dim eyes,
 And cast the hue of redness on thy cheek,
 Now sorrowfully wan. The soft west wind
 Shall to thee bring refreshment, while it wafts
 Thy sunny locks, and thy hot forehead cool,
 Drying the dews of toil: the lark that mounts

In

In the high heavens, and pours its minstrelsy,
 Invisible, shall sing its blithsome song,
 To pleasure thee; and the small murm'ring brook
 Shall satisfy the fierce demands of thirst,
 And knit the sinews of thy painful feet.

With the gay sun thou didst at morn arise,—
 Yea, earlier than the sun, for its quick beams
 Had not reach'd earth when Misery rais'd thee from
 Thy most unquiet couch, and bade thee leave
 The haunts of pitiless man; where thy false friends,
 Noting thy aspect cunningly, turn'd their heads,
 And wilfully neglected thee, tho' once
 They swore to love thee ever. Proud Prosperity!
 Drest in thy gaudy robes, thou lov'st to pass
 Ill-clad Adversity, and look the scorn
 Of thy contaminated heart; thou lov'st
 To bring the eye of virtue to the ground,
 And build the hopes of merit, but to view—
 And view unmov'd—the disappointment of them.

Thou, melancholy wight! by thy pale cheek,
 And all th' expressive sorrow of thy face,
 I judge, hast hardly met this bad world's scorn,
 And felt its searching malice. To mine eye
 Thou seem'st to be the child of Grief; begot
 In some dull hour, which love could not illume,
 By fallow Poverty. Thou wert not taught
 To gambol lightly in thy childish days,
 Or catch the smile of joy, for thy young front

Was

Was furrowed early; never in thy face
 Thy mother smil'd; and all that she could shew
 Of her maternal feelings, was express'd
 By looks of pensiveness, by starts and tears,
 And languid pressures of her cold thin lips
 And almost succourless breasts. By her side
 Thy sire stood, frowning; burying his eyes
 Beneath his brows; in sentiment divided;
 Murm'ring for thee a sad and hollow prayer;
 Yet, oft, upon that hour in which thou left'st
 Thy mother's womb, heaping a dreadful curse—
 Blasphemy clos'd by penitence. Not so, perchance,
 Began thy scenes of life: nurs'd in wealth,
 By affluence foster'd, and in kindness rear'd;
 Joy of thy mother, and thy father's pride,
 Thy early days might open; while for thee
 Accumulated gold and jewels rare
 Might seem too poor a treasure.—

Unlikely not but that dependant's eyes
 Might fix on thee, as on their lawful lord;
 Or that the festive hall was made to sound
 Thy greatness and their hopes. The reign of power,
 To innovation subject, soon may cease;
 And that which seems substantial good, at once
 Turn to a permanent misery; airy joys
 Grow heavy woes; the high mind be debas'd;
 The heart of manhood shrivell'd; and the eye,
 No longer influenc'd by the tranquil brain,
 Repel the rays of hope, yea, e'en of heaven,

And

And shew a fixed grief. And yet, between
The different states of poverty and rank,
Let fancy place thee. Happy was thy life
If thy forefathers till'd their fruitful land;
Their orchards cultur'd; their luxuriant vines
Prun'd, to admit the sun-beams; and their flocks
Led to the mountains, where the high grass grew,
Foster'd by heavenly moisture. Blooming boy!
How oft, at morn, hast thou the uplands trac'd,
Thine eye all rapture; bounding like the fawn;
Thy dark locks waving o'er thy beauteous face,
Which health had finely tinted; and thy breast
Open for the wind's kisses. It was joy
To see the lovely aspect of the east,
The flow'rets of the forest, and to hear
The murmur of the sea-waves, and the song
Of the heaven-loving lark:—and it was joy
To rove, at eve, upon the lofty heads
Of thy green native hills, and look around
The prospect; when the waving woods, the vales,
The little hut of labour, and the sea,
The distant ship of war, and the small boat
Of the poor fisher, sailing toward the strand,
Were by the moon-beams silver'd. At some hour—
Some later hour of life—perchance the muse,
Who dwells not always with the learn'd and sage,
Might bless thee with her friendship; place her charms
Before thy young enraptured eye; and teach,
In rose-entwined bowers and scents remote,

To thee the art of poesy. Bristol's son*,
 Whom suicide's red hand hurl'd in the den
 Of greedy death,—sweet early blasted rose!
 Her humble daughter, whose bright genius shone
 Thro' poverty's mist, transparent; and the swain
 Of Scotia's hills, who sigh'd when his *rude share*
 Rooted the *mountain daisy*, all have felt,
 Tho' partial science shut them from her dome,
 The inspirations of the sacred hour
 When the muse hover'd near. Ah! youth of grief!
 What pleasures have been thine when thou went'st
 forth

With meditation; when the thought-stor'd mind
 Took a bold flight to things which darkness hid.
 Thy fires encreas'd when fancy plac'd in view
 Her brighter scenes; when, cunningly, she rais'd
 An host of warriors, fierce in the pursuit
 Of foes unconquer'd; when the ensigns wav'd,
 And fauchions glitter'd in the rays of the sun,
 On which the strong-ey'd soldier look'd with joy,
 While the pale coward blink'd. To the fray
 She made thee witness; from the first mighty stroke
 Of the hot leaders, till the men in the rear
 Encounter'd, breast to breast. Then thou saw'st
 Banners and spears in dread confusion rais'd,
 Proud chieftains trodden by the horses hoofs,
 Bowels, and limbs, and blood pollute the earth;
 While victory seiz'd the standard; rear'd it high;

* Chatterton, Ann Yearsley, and Burns.

And

And, trampling o'er the bodies of the slain,
Summon'd the laughing conquerors with her trump,
And bade them praise the gods, who on their side,
Battled with the fallen foe. This was the stretch
Of intellect, which could no longer please
When Pity, mild Philanthropy, and Peace
Gather'd around, and sorrowing spoke of war.

Then hast thou routed from thy busy brain
These splendid images, and turn'd thy feet
Toward the woodlands, which the sun had left,
And evening shadowed ; where thy fellow man
Was seldom known to tread ; for solitude,
Nurse of our gentler thoughts and calmer joys,
By few is courted ; and to most she seems
A weary matron, whose still ear best suits
The ' whooping owl,' and nightly croaking toad ;
Not pleasure seeking mortals. But by thee
She was lov'd most tenderly ; she heard
Thy low complaints, and listen'd to thy woes,—
Unchiding listen'd ;—if thou mourn'd, or sigh'd,
She bade her hand-maid, Echo, to reply,
And give thee sympathy ;—if thou wept,
She told thee not of thy unmanliness,
Nor coldly preach'd to thee philosophy ;
Of disappointments and the ills of life,
Of poverty and man's unfeeling pride,
She suffer'd thee to talk, e'en till thy soul,
Having its griefs unfolded, grew more calm.

Yet

Yet ere affliction touch'd thy youthful breast,
Thou hast delighted rov'd through dale and glen,
Warm in thy blood, and fervid in thy mind;
Drawing such scenes of bliss that, viewing them,
With intellectual eye, sweet pleasures fill'd
Thy soul, and spread upon thy smiling face
Each beautiful expression; love, and hope,
And dimpling joy alternately would rule;
Yielding to meditation's calmer look,
And to religion's gleam. Unto thy God
Thy mind, all-holy, went; though invisible,
And wrapt in mystery, thou hung'st no doubt
Upon his being; hourly thy soul confess'd,
By priesthood prompted not, that he was good,
Beyond conception great! holy and just;
That, with illimitable power, he could
Crush the large globe to atoms; all the race
Of pigmy men sweep with his arm away,
Into the cells of death; that, from the earth,
E'en should a million centuries roll between
The sleep's commencement and the waking hour,
He could, with beauty, call us forth again,
Assigning us unto the spiritual host,
Who are the guides to immortality;
And that in peace eternal, fadeless joy,
And ecstasy unceasing, he could place
Each wondering pilgrim in his glorious realms.

From heavenly bliss to earthly happiness
Thy mind would turn; unto the woes of man

F

Thou

Thou gav'st a pitying tear, but in his joys
 Thy soul participated ; *sweet to thee
 His smiles ; to thee his joyous accents sweet.
 And liberty thou lov'dst ! it was a theme
 Above all others dear ; and at the name
 More rapid grew the current of thy blood,
 More warm thy heart ; that heart which nobly beat,
 Not for itself alone, but all mankind.
 No wild enthusiast thou : to gain the prize
 Of freedom, was to shew thyself the friend
 Of virtue, and of mild philanthropy,
 Of social order, and domestic peace,
 Of loyalty !—To hurl a despot down,
 And raise a guilty throne to thee were just ;
 But when upon the sovereign of this isle
 Rested thy mind ; when all his virtues shone
 Collected, and not dazzling ;—when in him
 Thou saw'st the man e'en as the monarch great,
 Thou thought'st thy country blest,—and it was so.
 Musing, delighted, thou would'st leave the shades,
 And, journeying thro' the forest, seek thy home.
 But now fair love, and hope, and dimpling joy
 Have thee abandon'd ; and thy face no more
 Is grac'd by meditation's calmer look,
 Or by religion's gleam. Pale wrinkled care
 Sits on thy brow, and misery's in thine eye,

* This is borrowed ; to whom I am indebted I do not,
 at this time, recollect.—

Which sparkled once with rapture; thy cold heart
Shrinks in thy breast, and on thy paly lips
Tremblingly hangs the awful prayer of death.

Why thou art thus I know not: but I mourn
That thus thou art. I pity, and would serve,
Solace and bless. My humble dwelling, youth,
Stands in yon westward valley; go with me;
An equal share of all that it contains
To thee belongs; and in my orisons
I'll supplicate my God in thy behalf.

PATRONAGE.

IN the morning I walked over the town, with which I was much pleased. I extended my ramble, and found that the surrounding country was not devoid of beauty; it is prettily diversified, and though the admirer of the sublime might turn from it with indifference, yet the lover of simplicity would regard it differently. There are woods, lawns, meadows, streams, and intervening villages, to be seen for some considerable distance on the one hand, and on the other is the Orwell, the beauty of which cannot be excelled. That part of the river which comes up to the town seems to be cut off from the other part, so that, when the tide is in, it forms a beautiful lake, and appears to be surrounded with gradual rising lands, which are sufficiently covered with oak and other trees. An old tower, the only remaining vestige of a Gothic building, which stands in a village about

about two miles distant, rises above a wood, and gives a touch of the romantic to the scene. When the water is low the prospect is less pleasing, the river being then almost dry; but I fortunately saw it when the tide was full, and when the wherries were coming in from Harwich. The breeze was favourable for the passage; and the little vessels went swiftly through the gently swelling water, which sparkled in the rays of an unclouded sun.

Having admired this very pretty scenery I returned to the town, and strolled into a circulating library, where many hundreds of love-stories and tales of horror were ranged on the shelves. Not being an enemy to fable blended with sentiment, I took up a book, and placed myself in a chair. The rigid critic looks with contumely on publications of this nature; but I am fond of having the imagination played upon; when it is skilfully done I return the inventor a sufficient share of applause, and I confess that I am inclined to look good-naturedly on those who strive to please, even though their efforts

should fail. In many of our *modern* novels, (and what critic is there now that does not cause the word modern to be given to the reader in italics?) there are excellent lessons of morality, and some charming scenes of nature, which can scarcely fail to improve the young heart; in others, indeed, we find a surcharge of love and improbability, which may work differently on the inexperienced. The vitiated taste of many juvenile readers is made still worse by those who strive to amend it: many a cautious father will deny his daughters' reading even the works of the most celebrated present writers, yet suffer them to scan his own library, where it is likely they will find *Humphrey Clinker*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and other works of a similar nature, which, though abounding with wit and humour, are, in many particulars, unmeet for the female eye. It is an obstinate and singular opinion of many people, that nothing which is *new* can be good, *because it is not old*. A natural good taste is better than a bad one reformed; and were the productions of our best writers to be put into the hands of a female reader, when she first discovers

covers an inclination to peruse works which captivate the fancy, she would not afterwards regard those imitations, where incidents are clothed in improbability, and where sentiment is involved in the labyrinth of nonsense.

Why celebrated characters should turn from the more serious and philosophic branches of literature, in order to compose works of imagination, is a common question; but it will scarcely be believed by those who are unacquainted with the art of book-making, that a publisher can frequently afford to give more money for a novel, or romance, than for a quarto of philosophy, or of divinity.

Venality is generally more pardonable in an author than in any other man; his pen is probably his dependance, and if it will not, when employed in science, bring him advantage, ought he to be censured if he turns it to subjects less grave and important? Goldsmith knew of these things, and spoke of them; and the following letter may throw

some additional light upon the subject. Let it not hereafter be asserted, that genius and merit are sure to meet with a reward. It is false ! these are not the days of patronage ; or why such a letter as this from a *living* historian and poet, whose labours, knowledge, and genius have passed the ordeal of criticism with applause and admiration ? Answer me, ye patrons of merit, ye promising statesmen, ye men of fortune, and ye dignitaries of the church.

“ REVEREND SIR,

“ A very severe illness, added to very embarrassed circumstances, in consequence of my persevering, *in most inauspicious times*, to accumulate expences with printers, occasioned my abrupt departure from N—— Street, soon after I was favoured with your last obliging letter. I hope Mr. M——, when he sent you the set of —— which you desired, but which, for want of the fourth volume; only recently compleated, I could not send according to your order, acquainted you with my unpleasant situation, otherwise I must have appeared to you strangely neglectful

lectful and unpolite, which was very far from my intention. I hope my affairs are in some train of accommodation, and that I shall be able at Michaelmas to return with safety to N—— Street. But I have not the last preferment, though not without abundance of promises; and that quarto volume cost nearly 500*l.*, to pay which I resigned to Mr. H——, the banker, my half-pay, as an army-chaplain. In respect to the legacy left me *verbally* by Sir ——, it amounted but to twenty guineas, which scarcely paid for the printing of eight sheets, including the paper, and, on the whole, it rather involved, than extricated me from difficulty, as, in consequence of it, I engaged in additional printing expences. I have long expected a small living from the C——r, but it has not yet fallen, and my income is too straitened at present to allow me, even with the most unwearied assiduity, to complete the arduous and expensive work in which I am engaged, without much more extensive patronage than I have hitherto enjoyed. In this situation some of my friends have had the humanity to advance me the

amount of my second *quarto* volume to enable me to proceed, and I am induced, sir, by the style of your letters, to request that favour of you, which I assure you shall not be abused. Mr. M—— too, in his last letter informed me you had not settled with him on account of those A——s, and, I assure you, sir, such is my present predicament, that it would be of *the greatest use to me*, if transmitted, by a small order, to No. —, Upper N—— Street, where an honest baker lives, my former neighbour, at whose house I have engaged against Michaelmas a second floor for my winter's residence. I hope you will not be offended by this application, which is the result of very painful feelings, but will continue to a man, *struggling under the weight of considerable difficulties*, that kindness which your letters proffer, kindness which I shall ever assiduously endeavour to deserve.

I am, sir, with great respect, &c.

“ P. S. Mr. J—— has written me word that Mr. M—— left two copies of my *quarto* volume at his house at l——; perhaps

haps your kind recommendation to clergymen in the country might prevent their being returned to me undisposed of, for near 800 volumes remain on hand, 1000 having been printed."

And is this the reward for a man who ventured so greatly? Let indignation answer,—
no.

"* And are there those whose steely hearts would
tear

From high-born genius his immortal crown;
Who, science, boast thy noblest gifts to share,
Yet blast thy toils with power's impetuous frown?"

* Elegy on Sir William Jones.

GOOD NIGHT.

THE day went over, and as the evening was delightful I wandered out of the town. The breeze was soft, and the perfume of the field-flowers was rified by it; the moon rose majestically in the east, broad, red, and magnificent; the smaller celestial bodies were lost in its superior light, and its far travelling beams made the surrounding country too beautiful for the description of so poor a pen as mine. I viewed the scene philosophically; but my ideas were not long connected;—they were lost in immensity. Yielding to the reflections of an hour, I strolled into a retired path. I afterwards withdrew my eyes from the scene, and soon after entered the town again.

As I passed by the door of a small genteel house, I saw a visiting party separating for the night; there were twelve or fourteen women,

women, and, by a peculiarity of dress and physiognomy, I did not doubt but that most of them were old maids, and I was warranted in entertaining this opinion, for they addressed each other by the pleasing appellation of *miss*. “Good night! good night! good night!” resounded through all the party; they dispersed, the door closed, and the lights vanished, though the gabbling did not cease. I walked forward, and two of the old damsels followed me; they had no servant with them; their heads were hooded, though the night-air was warm, but I could see enough of their faces to convince me that there was no danger of fascination.

I was going to turn into another street, when I heard one of the ladies tell the other that she had a secret to communicate. I shall not endeavour to account for, or to extenuate the impropriety of my curiosity; but I confess that I was much inclined to hear the communication of the lady, and, therefore, did not turn out of the path, though I allowed the female friends to walk before me. The story was, however, interrupted, and my

my gratification for a while suspended. A little ragged beggar-girl humbly implored their charity. "Get along, hussy," cried one of the old women, pettishly. "Dear, good ladies," continued the petitioner, "pray give me a halfpenny to get me a piece of bread. My father is dead; my brother, who used to work for us, is gone for a soldier; and my poor, poor mother"—"Hold your tongue, you young baggage, I shall not give you any thing." The poor girl turned sorrowfully away, and told the same piteous story to me, with a pathos to which my heart was not insensible, I was, however, fearful that I should lose the old lady's secret; I could not put aside curiosity, neither could I deny the feelings of charity a sanctuary in my bosom. I still walked forward, and the girl continued to importune me, when a strange thought came into my head. "It does not signify talking to me, child," I replied; "for could you make your voice as loud as the report of a cannon I could not hear you. I am very deaf, and have not heard a human voice distinctly these two years; I suppose, however, by your appearance,

ance, that you are a little beggar; there, there is something for you." I gave her a piece of money, and she went away, blessing me.

"And now, sister, I will tell you my secret,"—"Hush! hush! there is somebody behind us."—"O, it is only the unfortunate man who is so very deaf; you must know that in the last game of cards I cheated Mrs. Twist out of three shillings."—"Indeed! I am very glad of it; pray how did you do it?"—"Why Mrs. Twist betted two shillings that she should win the game; I hate braggers, so I said, done;—done, says she. The cards were given out, and I found such a devilish bad collection in my hand, that I considered my money as lost. Stung to the soul, I knew not what to do. A glass of wine was brought to Mrs. Twist; at that moment I gave old Mr. Trigs a pinch of Scots snuff, which made him sneeze immoderately, and so while Mrs. Chatter was laughing, as if she would burst her sides, I privately changed cards with Mrs. Twist, and never did I see such beauties! I played uncom-

uncommonly well, and the game was decided in my favour; I never felt such a satisfaction before in all the days of my life. I would not let Mrs. Chatter, my partner, know of it; had I told her, she would have proposed going halves. Not but that I have a very great respect for her; for she has the nicest way of communicating the state of her hand that I ever knew."

"Well! and did you get the money?"—"Aye, aye; that is the cream of the jest. Do you not recollect that I had a bad shilling? it was that which we laid on a hot poker, and rubbed with salt and vinegar. Well; I took this shilling silyly out of my pocket, and placed it in the palm of my left hand. Mrs. Twist looked as mouldy as a crust; she drew her purse slowly out of her pocket, and took out two shillings, and laid them on the table. Bless my heart! said I, was there ever such a shilling as this; it is the worst counterfeit queen Anne that I ever saw! I must trouble you, ma'am, to change it, as I have at this time got a great deal of base money. She changed it, cursed the

the coiners, and did not smile after; so you see I have not made a bad night's work of it. Poor Mrs. Twist, I really pity her; ha! ha! ha!"——"So do I, sister; ha! ha! ha!"

The old women now stopt at an house, and rapt at the door; I felt inclined to mortify them, nor did I check the impulse. "Kind ladies!" said I, "I humbly thank you for the pleasure which your narrative has given me. I am astonished by the excessive honour and probity that you harbour in your fair bosoms; but as I find that you possess only a small knowledge of the elegant and useful science of gaming, I will call on you to-morrow morning, and give you some instructions."

The old women absolutely screamed with terror, to know that the deaf man had heard their secret; they rushed into the passage, and locked the door immediately. My contempt did not surmount my risibility, and I went away in a very merry mood.

THE AFRICAN.

EARLY in the morning I left Ipswich; the clouds gave a promise of a fine day; but I had scarcely walked three miles, when the sky looked gloomy, and the rain began to descend heavily. A stage-coach passed me, but I declined entering it, and made my way towards a large oak tree, whose branches formed an ample shelter. I found a traveller leaning against the body of the tree, and in order to accommodate myself, I stood by his side; on looking at his face I discovered that he was an African, and I never saw a black possessed of better features; his teeth and eyes were particularly fine, and in the latter there was that expression which bespeaks intelligence of mind. I had never, like a certain sect of philosophers, ranked the African with the *brute creation*, and I beheld the being before me as a fellow-man. Perceiving that the rain penetrated through the arm of the tree

tree under which I stood, he asked me to place myself in his situation, and told me that he would seek another. There was so much kindness in this proposal that I caught his hand as he was moving, and, with thanks, declined his offer.

The rain continued, but the foliage being very thick we remained perfectly dry. We entered into conversation; talked of England, of *his* country, of liberty, and of slavery; and I found him intelligent and modest. The life of almost every man will form a little story. I was inquisitive about some particular circumstances; and the stranger, in order to gratify me, gave me an account of the events which had happened in his past days.

“ You, no doubt, Sir,” he said, “ are fond of your country: I was fond of my country; it was a pretty place where I did live: the island was small; I could walk from the beginning to the end in the time that the sun came and went. O, what pretty place I did live in! the tall trees nodded over us, and when we came from hunt we danced under shade of them.

them. The mother of me did love me; my father was gone into earth: — all did love me — I did love all. When they were go to fight, I did beg them not use the bow: I was often peace-maker, and when passion went they did tank me. O, that I had live and die there! Yanna, bad black, did lure me from home: I never saw mother more; never saw pretty hut more; never dance under tall trees more! Yanna take me to the great sea, where I first see men of your colour: he give me to them; and they give him rum, and iron, and what your Englis women wear round necks. When I did cry they laugh. I was put into ship: I did turn my eyes once more to the island, and when I could not see longer I did think my heart would break. I was soon sold again to Englis planter: he was good man, and I did love him: he made slaves work, but did not flog them: he spilt no blood; he made no groans come from Indian's heart; he was gentle as wind that blow over the canes and spice-trees: but he did die! — Then I had another master. Slaves were dogs; slaves were thieves; and overseer's whip was always on slaves backs. How often

often have we prayed God to let us die and leave this villain; but God would not let us die, and so we were whipt again and again, and he did laugh to hear our cries! I once struck him to the earth, and did almost want to kill him, for he did kill poor negro-woman, by whipping soul from her body!—She did die, and leave poor little black babe behind! I think the great Spirit will never be so kind to him as to poor negro-woman. I struck him to the earth for this; I brought blood from his white face!—I was seized—put into confine—whipt till I dropt down in a swoon. When blood was dry and wounds heal I run away. I knew I should be killed if I was take; so I hid all day, and walk all night, 'till I came to the sea. I met good Englis sailer; he give me eat and drink, and did heal my back, and did pray God bless me, and damn master. He bring me over to his country; but he was drown, and I did see him no more! —They told me I was in land of liberty: but, oh! I did wish to be with black frens in our little islands. I am going to great city to work for bread. Englis dare not whip at home;—why dare whip in India?"

This

This interrogatory of the African would have puzzled many a white man, but it had not that effect on me; I only assured him that I execrated the inhumanity of my countrymen, and regarded his race with fraternal pity. He raised his fine eyes upon my face, and, smiling affectionately, clasped his hands. "Is this the action of a man, or of a brute?" said I, mentally.

THE DEVIL!

THE shower was now over, and the sun again came from his hiding place: I gave the African something to assist him on his journey, and went forward moralizing on the sufferings of his countrymen, and on the atrocity of the actions of my own. "And when will slavery be done away?" said I; "when will the distinctions of colour be disregarded, and humanity triumph over cruelty and oppression. While one nation groans under the lash of torture,

torture, another is wrapped in indifference; and while the poor African faints under the labour of collecting the produce of his climate, the pitiless Englishman looks forward, with eagerness, for a new supply for false appetites and gross sensualities. The cause dwindles in the senate; and the object of the humane is likely to be protracted, even until it shall almost be forgotten as a national concern. But if freedom is not to be granted, why is not slavery ameliorated? Why is the city adventurer, who joins his five hundred pound stock to the capital of the man whom he has sneakingly served, sent to cultivate the plantation of his superior, and to use, at his discretion and will, *the horses, male and female slaves, and other cattle**? Ambition makes him rude; power causes him to be imperious; and avarice clothes his heart with inhumanity. He looks back, with contempt, on those days when he used to carry his mistress's prayer-book to *Bow-church*; or when, still higher in fortune, he was admitted to the honours of a fourth clerk in a *Thames-street* warehouse."

* Such is the feeling and impressive language of our English lawyers—"Fie on't! Oh, fie!"

My black acquaintance walked before me, and I soon lost sight of him. I travelled this day with more than my usual indolence, and I was nearly ten hours in performing a journey of eighteen miles, allowing, however, an hour and half for an idle dinner, and about the same time for my impertinent conversations with waggoners, market-women, and milk-maids. In the evening I reached Colchester, at which place I intended to pass the night. I entered an house of reception, which had a respectable appearance: but I afterwards learned that there were two inns of greater name in the town. I did not retire to bed till twelve o'clock, when I followed the chamber-maid to my sleeping-room: I laid myself down in peace, and was enjoying some of those thoughts which are apt to steal into the mind of the contemplative, in the hour of silence, when the arrangement of my ideas was destroyed by a noise, which came distinctly from the adjoining room.

I concluded immediately that the wall must be either broken, or very thin, for the conversation that the persons held was as well known to me

as if I had been in the room ; and I found that it consisted of the dissentions of a man and his wife. “ Now, will you lie still ? ” said the former. “ No, I will not lie still ; I will not go to sleep to-night : you shall not go to sleep to-night ; I will talk to you till the morning. ” — “ Now pray do hold your gabbling, Mrs. Goose ; why is this noise ? ” — “ Why is this noise ? Why did you bring me to such a place as this ? Have we had any thing comfortable ? The duck was not half roasted, nor half stuffed ; the beer was sweet as sugar, and the wine sour as vinegar. Did I marry a man who was so much my inferior, and give him all my fortune, to be treated in this manner ? No, Sir ! I would have you to know. ” — “ My dear ! my dear ! ” — “ I would have you to know, that I expect to be treated in a different manner — do not pull the bed clothes so — Yes, Sir, in a different manner ; and that, when I am travelling, I will not be considered as the mistress of a puppet-show, but as a lady, Sir. ” — “ Indeed, my dear, we have had a great deal of respect and attention shewn to us ; and I am sure you ate a very hearty
G supper.”

supper.”—“It is false; I did not eat a mouthful: it is false, I say!”—“And then,” continued the husband, “there are some very decent travellers in the inn; quite as good as ourselves. Did you not see the gentleman that came in about eight o’clock? I am sure he belongs to the army, and his appearance is very respectable.”—“It is very probable that he belongs to a gang of highwaymen; or that he is some recruiting serjeant in an officer’s cast clothes.”

“Thank you, fair lady,” said I, “for your opinion of me!”

“I’ll tell you what,” continued the shrew, “I consider myself to be very ill treated; I neither can, nor will bear it: can any thing be so bad as to put a lady to bed in a two-bedded room? Answer me that; can any thing be so bad?”—“Many things may be much worse,” replied the husband: “what does it signify there being two beds in the room when nobody lies in one of them? But, pray hold your tongue, and go to sleep; and do not any longer prate like a fool or a mad

mad woman."—"Mighty fine! mighty fine! you vile, you abusive fellow! I will go to the other bed; and rather than be with you I would be with the devil."

I heard her jump out of bed, run across the room, and undraw the curtains furiously; and, by a faint ray of light which came into my apartment, I found that she had a candle. But she now sent forth a scream that went through the house; and while she was running back to her husband, she exclaimed, with great terror, "The devil! the devil! the devil!"—"I no devil," said a voice, which I immediately knew to be the poor African's; "I no devil, and will do you no mischief." The terrified woman, however, continued to scream, and soon brought the landlord and landlady, cook, chamber-maid, waiter, and ostler into the room: I slipped on some of my clothes and joined the party; and a more comic scene never presented itself before my eyes. The horror-stricken wife had thrown herself across her alarmed husband, and, without raising her head, pointed to the poor negro, who was sitting erect in the bed.

Nothing could convince her, for a considerable time, but that she had been going to throw herself into the arms of the infernal minister; her rage, however, was wild and ungovernable when circumstances were explained to her by the apologizing landlady.

It appeared that the African came to the inn about seven o'clock, and requested to sleep there; and that the hostess had given orders to have him shewn to an ordinary room, in which there were two beds. The chambermaid being busy at that time, and wondering that her humane mistress should injure the reputation of her house by harbouring such brutes, commissioned a little girl, who was occasionally employed, to shew the negro to his chamber: but, forgetting the direction, and remembering only that there were two beds in the room, the girl conducted him to the chamber which had been set apart for the gentleman and lady; and possessing none of the antipathies of her employer, she drew the curtains close around him, and wished him a good night. The harmless negro was soon asleep; nor was he disturbed until the wrangling

ling lady had jumped into his bed, and nearly placed herself by his side.

Nothing could appease the incensed female traveller; she abused the landlady; the landlady retorted upon the chamber-maid; and the chamber-maid pinched the ear of the poor girl who had innocently occasioned the uproar, and who stood trembling by the side of the half-naked ostler. Hogarth would have made a delectable group of us.—All the spectators now withdrew: my poor African friend was removed, and the travellers were prevailed upon to keep possession of the chamber till the morning.

THE CARPENTER'S WIDOW.

I DID not in the morning discover any thing in the town that deserved particular observation; and I had reason to suppose that the adjacent country was not very interesting; I therefore paid my host the amount of his bill, and again set forward on my journey. Before I left the house I spoke with the African upon the adventure of the night; and, as I passed a window, I kissed my hand to the mortified shrew, whose face was dressed with fullness and ill-humour.

As I did not, at the beginning of my book, flatter the reader that he should receive any information on national or grave concerns, I must entreat that he will not quarrel with me because I endeavour merely to amuse him. I have several reasons for dwelling on these light subjects; some of which are the generally simple, and sometimes uninteresting appearance

ance of a flat country, the deficiency of natural curiosities, and the unimportance of the towns through which I passed. Should fate ever throw me upon some other coast, and send me trudging through a different country, I will endeavour to collect some graver matter, and to arrange it with more judgment.

It was at the close of the day when I saw a poor woman and two children near an hedge; a blooming infant lay at her breast, and her eyes were intently but sadly fixed upon its harmless face. The two children were gathering flowers and collecting the shells of snails. The distress and misery of the woman's face attracted my attention: it was pale and unanimated, and its features were fixed by grief. I gave the children a couple of oranges that I had in my pocket, and put a shilling into the hand of their poor mother, who thanked me, but not in the language of the begging tribe. Having expressed a desire to know what was the cause of her unhappiness, after a short pause—and it was a pause of eloquence—she prepared to gratify me. She prefaced her tale by saying that she was a

wretched widow, and that her babes were unfortunate in the loss of a kind father.

Her husband had been a ship-carpenter, and had, for the last four years, resided at *Hamburgh*; but having a desire to return to his country again, he embarked on board a merchant-vessel, which was bound for *England*. They left the port with prosperous gales; the wind however changed, it blew a storm and bore them out of their latitude upon the *Suffolk* coast. The vessel became a wreck, and part of the crew perished: the poor carpenter reached the shore in the boat; he was safe; but his dear wife and his beloved babes remained in the most perilous state. He trusted himself again in the boat; he succeeded in removing his treasures, and his brother mariners pulled them on shore. The carpenter saw his wife and children land in safety: he stepped hastily forward — fell — a wave broke over him; he could not withstand its force, and he was never seen again.

I was sorry that I had drawn this tale from
the

the poor woman, for she spread her hands over her face and sobbed loudly.

She afterwards told me that they had not been able to save any thing from the wreck: she received some favours from the people who lived on the coast, and was then travelling to London, where she had some relations who would probably give a temporary support to her and her poor little babes. “When I saw my dear husband perish,” she cried,—“when I saw him sink beneath the terrible waves, I prayed God to let me die with him, for he had ever been the kindest of husbands and tenderest of fathers. But when I looked at the infant that lay at my breast, and cast my eyes upon my beloved and redeemed children, I found that I had something still to live for;—I found —”

Her narrative was broken; her grief almost suffocating: I consoled her as well as I possibly could, and was happy enough in procuring places in a stage-waggon that came up to us while we were talking on the melancholy subject. For this little action of kind-

ness, and for the mite that I took out of my decreasing purse, the widow gave me her blessings. "Restrain your thanks," I cried; "God solace and protect you! and may your offspring thrive and bring comfort to you."

THE CHURCH-YARD.

THE approach of night was beautiful: I saw the final departure of the sun, and the decreasing splendor of the western heaven: I marked the pleasing gravity of twilight; the solemnity of the hills and woods; and, turning my head, I beheld the largest world of light rising with unrivalled majesty. "If the great Disposer of heaven and earth," said I, "were inclined to destroy the works of his hands, how easily were it for him to effect it by deviating the course of that apparently small beacon, and directing it to the terrestrial world." Horrid collision!—For a moment my

my head grew heavy with the thought; the effect, however, went over; I raised my eyes, I raised my mind to the divine Arbiter, while I exclaimed, with fervour, is not this sufficient evidence of the being of a God? I continued my walk: I sometimes stopped to ponder, and frequently found myself involved by my own imaginations.

I entered a church-yard; it was lonely, solemn and awful. I placed myself for a while on a tomb-stone; I arose and walked beneath the branches of the thick trees that stood on the borders. The dew that hung on the long grass penetrated to my feet, and the course of my blood became more languid when I reflected on the impotence of man and the triumphs of death. I shuddered; and my eyes were almost immoveably fixed on the graves that were raised around me. There was sufficient light for me to read the few inscriptions; and in some less serious moment the equality of death might have made me smile. The bodies of the lord and the peasant were but a few spans distant from each other; the pride of birth, of blood, and of
ancestry

ancestry was no more ; the worldly farce was over ; the pageantry past ; adulation could be no longer heard, flattery no more smiled upon ; the heart could no longer swell with pride—it was putrid ; the ear no longer catch the sound of praise—it had fallen from the fleshless head. Lie still, thou humble dead, the bony heel of greatness shall not spurn thee ; there is no danger in his rattling arm ; his sockets contain no visible matter to express indignation. Rest ! of thee and him the same worm demands equal tribute ; it feeds on his flesh, and satiates on thine. Rest ! the reign of power is over ; and in the eternal world thy range shall be as free, and thy name as great as the spirit of him whose body rankles by thy side.

The church was rather large, and its tower antique. I applied my face to one of the windows, and cast my eyes up the aisle. Imagination was busy with me ; the moonbeams partially lighted the holy edifice ; I thought I saw some friends whom I had loved in life ; I stretched out my arms and called on them : but the visions faded, and the occult
faculties

faculties were no longer deceived. I turned away mournfully, and left the church-yard musing on the state of life and death.

SONNET I.

COM'ST thou to this, proud man? — What's here?
—A head,

Which once, perchance, was Wisdom's eminent seat:

Ah, say'st thou?—whither is thy reason fled?

Knaves at thy side, and idiots at thy feet!

And who's the wisest in this dirty bed?—

Ye all afford the filthy worm a treat:

Distinction, honours, wealth and fame are fled;

All, all are lost in this sad dark retreat.

If this thy eternal fate, how abject, mean

Thy present state! and thy past reign how poor!

With thee the breathless brute would equal seem,

When life's vile farce and mummery were o'er:—

But, ah! thy spirit, from its idle dream,

Shall rise with beauty, and with glory soar!

SONNET II.

WHAT, ho!—thou desperate felon, who art seen,
Tho' faintly, to molest this solemn place,
Why should'st thou shun the wan moon's sloping
beam,
And near yon gloomy yew-trees slowly pace?—
Why dost in hood of darkness hide thy face?—
Monster! thou art more base than thou dost seem;
Thy crimes have rous'd me from reflection's dream;
Yield! yield! or, thro' the wide world, I will trace
The pillager of graves.—Oh, God! oh, God!
What phantom has my trembling feet beguil'd?
I see thee, fleshless Death! upon the sod
That coldly covers the new-buried child:
Avaunt!—return no more the path thou hast trod,
Nor shew to me thy aspect stern and wild.

SONNET.

SONNET III.

WHAT says this humble stone? —A virtuous maid
Who liv'd not to attain her twentieth year;
To friends, and to relations, ah, most dear!
A rose that freshly bloom'd, but soon decay'd;
A lily, whose fair head was early laid.—
O, thou insensate! many a forrowing tear
Fell on thy fable pall and dismal bier,
And many a tribute has affection paid.
How short the time since joy's inspiring smiles
Dimpled thy innocent cheeks, and o'er them spread
The fainter vermil hue! Pale Death, thy wiles
Were too effective;—soon the spirit fled—
And thy accursed triumph was complete,
When she sunk, shivering, at thy noiseless feet.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR A STORY.

My whole journey on the following day did not furnish me with an incident worthy of mention; and I only found myself near to the city, where my travel was to end. As I could not possibly collect any anecdote for the reader, I have to entreat that he will accept the following little poem, which, for his amusement, I extracted from the poet's lost manuscript.

STANZAS

STANZAS OF A VILLAGER.

“ O, GRANT me, Heaven! the power to soothe
The sorrows of the friends I love ;
To send the tear from grief's swoln eye,
And still the sufferer's issuing sigh ;
To make life's ills seem less severe
To those my bosom holds most dear.

“ O, grant me, Heaven! the tongue to speak,
With accents gentle, mild and meek,
To those who are on sick-beds laid ;
To those who, by disease betray'd,
Raise the dim eye, and gasp for breath,
And view the beckoning monster Death.

“ O, grant me, Heaven! the voice to calm
Guilt's throbbing breast—with holy charm
To lull each wild and hideous fear,
And, as the close of life draws near,
To bid the wretch in thee repose—
In thee, from whom all mercy flows.

“ I want

“ I want not to explore the mines,
Where th’ unpolish’d jewel shines;
I want not pearls beneath the deep,
O’er which portentous billows sweep;
Nor would I send a single slave
To seek, afar, a golden grave.

“ For me ambition rears no throne,
She forms for me no glittering crown;
My little peaceful house of rest
She ne’er disturbs:—should she molest
My simple mansion of repose,
Life’s blessings surely then would close.

“ To please her favourites, she may sound
Her noisy clarion around,
And call it blissful harmony:—
Much more I love, at eve, to hie
The flower-besprinkled dale along,
And hear the wood-lark’s farewell song.

“ To scenes of havoc, murder, death,
Where war suppresses human breath,
And all her fiends, in savage mood,
Bathe their lean limbs in smoking blood,
Ambition may exult, and cry,
‘ This is my joy, my victory!’

“ But

“ But when the viewless nightingale
Charms, with her song, my native vale,
And the pale moon peeps o’er the pines,
Which bend unto the summer winds,
My bosom heaves—I say, with pride,
‘ Content and joy with me reside!’

“ The cunning lures of luxury
Have never yet seduc’d mine eye,
Nor rais’d the sickly appetite ;—
My simple viands e’er invite
Those who my humble board attend,
And share the smiles of me, their friend.

“ No senseless titles swell my name,
Nor idly pants my breast for fame ;
No robes of silk around me flow,
No rubies on my finger glow ;
No foreign sweets perfume my room,
Nor faint exotics near me bloom.

“ My garment’s poor, but ever neat,
Pride never enters my retreat ;
Fair morning’s pearls hang on the rose,
That near my little lattice grows ;
And fruit and flowers my garden yields,
While Ceres haunts my fertile fields.

“ Hid

“ Hid in the copse, or quiet grove,
With Poesy I love to rove ;—
Sweet power!—her strains are heard to fly,
In simple songs of melody ;
And many a breezy spirit stays,
To listen to her roundelays.

“ Health, blooming goddess! dwells with me,
And mirth and bright festivity ;
Dear inmates! never from me rove ;
Ye are the friends whom most I love ;
Rich are your smiles and fair your eyes,
And from your haunts dull sorrow flies.

“ Yet temperate be our joys.—The poor
Unpitied never must deplore ;
Mild charity shall with us live,
And her well-judged favors give,
Soothe, solace, comfort, cheer and raise
Each sorrowing wight that near us strays.

“ With all thy frailties, listless man,
I love thee greatly still—thy span
Of life I would of care deprive,
Bid anguish die and joy survive,
And turn the seldom-erring dart
That misery levels at thy heart.

“ In

“ In thy dark cell, misanthrope, brood,
What's vile enlarge—depreciate good;
But me thy genius shall not guide :—
Be mine the pleasure to reside
With Heaven's best beings, till the day
My flame of life shall fade away.”

FAMILY

FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

I WAS almost sorry, when I reached Whitechapel, that my journey was over: I turned my head back again, but the scenes of the country were lost; the air was less pure; and I fancied the countenances of the busy people less honest than those which I had recently seen. For this illiberal conjecture, however, I am willing to make every necessary atonement.

I had some few relations to greet, and I sought them immediately: I threw myself into their arms, spoke all the pleasure of my heart, and examined their faces in order to see what alterations had happened since my departure. Two or three of my most valuable friends happened to be in town, and in the
I evening

evening I formed them into a small party, that my return might be celebrated by them. I had not spent so pleasant an evening before for several years. There is a charm in domestic society which is not to be found in general acquaintance; Nature, herself, seems to make one of the party, and to be the principal support of it: even trifles are, in those moments, important; and eloquence actuates the eye when it does not direct the tongue.

My friends did not retire till an hour after midnight; communication was free: I informed them of whatever I thought worthy of being attended to; and, in my turn, demanded to know the principal events which had recently taken place in public and private affairs. War, peace, aristocracy, democracy, wealth, poverty, infidelity, suicide, city usury, St. James's vices, orators, players, fat bishops, and lean poets, were some of the subjects which were discussed.

But what was then said on the different topics I must here decline to repeat: should,
however,

however, these unassuming trifles of ABERFORD be regarded with approbation, he will, at some future period, relate The Conversations of an Evening.

WANDERINGS IN MAY;

AN

UNFINISHED PROSAIC COMPOSITION,

PUT INTO LINES OF NINE, TEN, AND ELEVEN
SYLLABLES.

HAIL, mildly breathing morn! hail glorious sun!
Whose beams upon my humble lattice play,
And cheer my thatched cot. One prayer to Heaven,
For all the blessings on my head bestowed;
But chiefly those which made the night pass by,
Tranquil and sweet; then will I calmly forth
Among those scenes in which I love to stray
At morn, ere yet the shepherd boy is heard
To pour his wild song o'er th' empurpled heath,
As well at eve, when clouds of varied hue
Assemble in the west. Father benign!
Lord of the heavens above, and world below,
Allow me health, and plant within my breast
The social virtues; Love, Compassion, Truth;
Love to extend to all who love deserve;
Compassion to be shewn to those who pine

In want, distress, or pain ; and lovely Truth
To speak thy being, and extol thy deeds.
How lovely is the morn : a thousand charms
Attract my wandering eye ; the vallies smile ;
The hills are clothed with green, and deck'd with
flowers

Of many a vivid hue and charming scent ;
I know not all their names ; but every sweet
Which poor Ophelia cull'd, and strove to hang
Upon the pendant willow, when she fell
Into the ' weeping brook,' grows on the mounts,
And strews the vales which from my hut I view.
And oft, at eve, I place me by my door,
O'er which I've taught the eglantine to creep,
To catch the mild perfume the Zephyrs steal,
Ere close the violets, or the harebells droop.
But I will not alone observe the charms
Which, with the morn, approach ; I sometimes love
To trace alone the forest rude and wide,
Or saunter thro' the vale, or pierce the grove,
To hear the warbler pour her evening song,
When every other bird is still and mute.
Thee, Solitude, I oft have strove to lure ;
With thee held converse ; and to thee have talk'd,
And fancied thy reply. I've pour'd my woes
Within thine ear, and told thee of the world
To me malicious, proud, disdainful, rude,
Then spoke of poverty and friends forsworn.
All this I've murmured in the lonely hour,

When

When, hush'd in peace, the happy village tribe
Sought sleep's soft blessing; when no noise was heard
Nor far, nor near; save when the gloomy owl,
With note dissonant, took it's lowly flight
Towards some neighbouring shed; or when within
The vapoury bog, the dark envenom'd toad
Croak'd hideously. Not always then did I
Obtain the envied blessing that I sought;
For solitude would often plant a thorn,
E'en when I thought her hand would heal a wound.
Would you seek pleasure in the wild retreats,
Let it be when the spirits are refin'd;
Sedate, and temperate; when buxom health
Attends your footsteps, and the sons of man
Move not your spleen, nor rouse your slumb'ring cares.
But if the world's unkind, and Fortune rude,—
If baleful Malice holds her scorpion rod
Before your eyes, or Poverty's hard hand
Search thy cold bosom, and thy wants deny,
Fly not to solitude, whose confines may
Be found contiguous unto those of death.
What will it boot to tell thy sorrow'd tale,
Though for complaint there's cause, unto the woods,
The vales and chafmed rocks? Echo may wake
And bear thy story further; but no friend,
With sympathetic soul, and liberal hand,
Will in the desert venture, to redress
Thy many wrongs, or soothe the smallest care
That wounds thy conscious breast. Speak not of what

Thou sufferest to the moon, e'en should her beams
Pierce thro' the branches of the blasted oak,
Upon whose rude, uncovered roots thou lay'st
Thy tortur'd head; thence nought wilt thou derive,
But an encrease of woe; besides, 'tis said,
This planet influences the brain, and makes
More strong Imagination's power;—then seek,
Not in the hour of sadness, scenes like these.
But I will hasten to Eugenio's cot,
And summon him to join me in the walk;
It is my pride to call Eugenio friend;
His heart is candid, generous, noble, brave,
And many a virtue in his breast resides,
Which I could well relate.—Arise! my friend!
I would not let thee sleep another hour,
Tho' thou should'st dream of her, whose cheek thy
lips
Close press'd, when last thou saw'st the full-orb'd
moon
Rise o'er the pines which murmur on yon mount.
Trust not to dreams, nor on them place thy faith;
They are connections of our active thoughts,
Mementoes of reflections just gone by;
Not harbingers of what is yet conceal'd.
Eugenio, trust them not: Miranda's head
Reclines not on thy breast; her snowy arms
Touch not thy mattress; nor her ruby lips
Invite the bridegroom's pressure. 'Tis phantasy!
Dream thou of wealth, and wake to find it not;

Or let a crown upon thy brows be plac'd,
It's actual weight will never pain thy head,
Nor breed ambition. The wicket moves—he
comes—

Hail to my friend! the blessings of the morn,
The care of Heaven, and the boon of health
Attend thee. O, may Contentment fair,
Whose smile can give the poor and humble joy,
E'er in thy breast reside, and soothe each hour
That God for thee has numbered. We will forth,
And view the bright'ning prospect; cast our eyes
O'er nature's scenes, and if we find a spot
That boasts no striking charm, if such there be,
Let us not dare the artist's works to blame.

Mild May, how sweet it is to spend thy days—
Alas! too few—in sylvan scenes like these;
To inhale thy breath, and meet thy soft'ning winds
Which kiss the trembling flowers. Even now,
As wandering down this wild and lonely dale,
I feel thy influence, and court thy smiles.
Ye towns and cities, I your arts disdain,
In ye no pleasures seek; the vale remote,
The trackless forest, and the hamlet rude,
I'll make my haunts, and ponder there whole days
Upon the wiles of man, and cares of state;
Bless'd with my friend Eugenio, and Content,
Who, at the rise of Hesper, shall adorn
My poor romantic hut, and spread my board
With simple viands, while the bird whose notes

At evening fill the glade, shall for me tune
Her melancholy song. Here, in this grove,
Meets not the eye a charm where'er it turns?
Near to the oak the poplar rears it's head,
Which bends e'en to the summer's lightest breeze.
The soft-leav'd ash, and rugged elm combine
To form a covert, where, at sunny noon,
The nymph may stray, without the cruel fear
Of being imbrown'd. Hither, my Julia, come;
And hither, friend Eugenio, bring thy love,
That, shaded from the rays, we all may hold
Sweet converse, and the gilded noon consume.

Here is a bank on which the elfin queen
Commands her nymphs to dance, when the pale
 moon
Gleams through the interwoven boughs, and makes
The glow-worm's lamp unseen. Ye violet tribe,
The foot of fairy has not bent to earth
Your purple heads; nor rudely brush'd away
The fostering dews, which from grey-clouded heaven
So recent fell. Nor is the primrose laid:
Refreshed by the light slumbers of the night,
It lifts it's head, unfolds it's paly charms,
And gives it's mild perfume unto the air.
Nor let me here forget to name the rose
That on the wild bush blooms; nor cowslip sweet,
Nor lily of the vale, nor thyme that lures
The freely ranging bee; for here they grow,
And here shall fragrance shed, 'till summer comes,

With

With potent heat, and from the lap of spring
Seize her choice herbage, and soft-tinted flowers.

But hark! the woodland choir their throats attune,
And pour their varied strains: the mellow song
Of the loud warbling thrush delights mine ear:
Sweet bird! whose melody the mossy dales,
And caverns wild respond; thy first drawn notes
I heard, and oft-times hast thou pleasure rais'd,
When, in the morn, thy green retreats I sought;
And made to me more sweet the mazy path,
When sauntering home at eve. Still tune thy throat,
And let thy numbers, all the summer long,
Flow on th' enraptur'd ear. Curs'd be the hand
That seeks thy harmless life; and if thou form
Thy rugged nest, I'll guard it from all harm;
And having rear'd thy young, I will not dare
To make them captives; but provide them food,
Till they have learnt to exercise the wing,
And taste the greatest blessing Nature yields,—
Unfettered liberty!—Let me not disregard
The earliest rising minstrel, who ascends
A towering height, and pours her shrilly strain,
Before the sun has tipt the loftiest hill
That eastward rises. O, how her little throat
Expands; how blithe she leaves the world below,
Seeming to pierce the skies, yet pale and grey,
To chant a grateful orison to Heaven!
Nor soon her efforts fail: long she delights

The upturn'd ear of him who idly roves
In silent glade; e'en now my sense she charms,
Her pipe with melody will surely burst,
So sweetly it is fill'd. Eugenio, say,
Can the bravura of the Italian nymph,
That moves the soul of Fashion's self-form'd child,
Boast half the power of this poor simple lark,
Whose votive strain can soothe the peasant's toil,
And make his labour easy through the day.
Let us, Eugenio, wander further on;
For, since thy cot we left, th' unclouded sun
More brightly shines; the canopy of heaven
Is now more gay and varied; we will climb
This moss-clad hill, and view the country round.

O, what a scene! enchanting, lovely, grand,
Simple and bold. Far as the eye can rove
Beauties upon it steal; for Nature here
Revels in all her pride, and wakes the soul
To rapture and delight. The distant hills,
That bound the prospect, rear their lofty heads,
And covered are with furze and yellow broom,
Which oft-times save the shepherd from the wind
And unexpected shower: secure he lies,
Sidelong these rude protectors, till the blast
Has swept the summits, or the heavy cloud
Journied further on; then may he rise,
And blithesome wander with his straggling flock
O'er the new springing turf; his carol chant,

Loud

Loud as the mounting lark, and mark with joy
The varied, bright'ning rainbow. He who gave,
On Ida's lovely top, the golden fruit
To Love's fair mother, never climbed a steep
More sweet and pleasant. If the mid-day sun
Too fiercely beams, the beech allows it's shade,
And he whose feet are wearied may recline,
At eve's approach, upon a bed of flowers,
And mark the stealing gloom. Nor rude, nor rough
Is the green hill's descent; no crumbling caves,
No mines, no rugged quarries here are found;
The slope is gentle, and the grazing flocks
Have made the pasturage level, save, here and there,
A knoll is seen, form'd of the yellow flowers
Call'd golden king-cups, nettles without sting,
On whose white blossoms hang the rifling bees,
Spear-grass and ladies'-hair. And lovely are
The meads and fields which amply stretch beneath;
The hawthorn hedge now sweet and full in flower
Divides them. Mark how yon maiden climbs
The uncouth stile; she knows not that our eyes
Her actions scan, or she would use more care,
Nor shew her well-form'd leg. What's her employ?
For now she quiet sits—O, she has pluck'd
The whiten'd dandelion's head, and now
She strives to blow the gossamer away,
E'en with one breath; if she in this succeed,
Twelve months she will not live a lonely maid.
But much I fear th' experiment has fail'd;

Pensive she hangs her head, descends the stile,
And saunters slowly on. Pine not, my fair,
Love's blooming wreath will grace thy brow as
soon

As if thy breath had given all the down
Unto the floating Zephyrs. See, further on,
A tribe of peasant children, gathering flowers,
Eager to pluck more than their little hands
Can fairly grasp; yet they will bear them home,
And decorate their hats, and form bouquets,
Fragrant, tho' rude; and to their mothers tell
Their artless tales; how, in the fields, they saw
The gypsies, who trepan the wand'ring babes,
And put their eyes out with an heated pin;
And how the village witch upon them frown'd
As they her cottage pass'd. Blooming innocents!
Your idle prattlings must delight the ear
Of him who gave you being, when, at eve,
Freed from his daily toil, he sits him down,
Son of Content, and by his mother bless'd.

O, haunt belov'd! my pilgrim feet have press'd
The daisied turf, unwilling still to crush
The humblest flower that blows, after the sun
Behind the mount had set, and the gay clouds,
Which journeyed with him to the western bounds,
Had cast their gorgeous livery aside,
And evening's gloom assumed. Sometimes peace
Would with me rove the unfrequented scene,

And

And suffer me e'en luxury to gain
From Contemplation. Then would I view,
Examine, and inspect my lowly state;
Woo sweet Contentment, and obtain her smiles,
Confess my fortune to be poor and mean,
Yet sigh not that it were so; turn mine eyes
With pleasure toward my little woodland cot,
Which I could not discern; and fervently
Pour forth my gratitude to him who made
His servant as he was. Yet, I confess,
It was not always thus; rude mischance
And unforeseen disaster sometimes rais'd
A sigh, e'en from my very soul, that mock'd
The winds which wanton'd, and from my weak eye
Forc'd the rude tear that pride could not restrain.

And where art thou, poor maid! who, every eve,
When silence reign'd, and not a single hind
From the lone hamlet roam'd, here pour'd thy woes
And told thy sorrowed tale? I dare believe
Thy Maker gives not to his favourite saints,
If he in heaven be partial, smiles more sweet,
Or milder words than those bestow'd on thee,
Bless'd servant of Omnipotence. The moon
Shone faintly on the waters of the brook,
And the sweet winds were felt, but scarcely heard;
When the poor wanderer with grief reclin'd.
Against this willow, and her sad account
Of woes existing, and of sorrows past.

To me unfolded. Anguish oft-times stopt
Her simple tale, and broke narration's thread,
And oft a pause, more eloquent than words
From language cull'd, gave to her story grace,
And rais'd emotions rude within my breast,
Which baffled all suppression. Those who dwelt
In the lone hamlet deem'd the maiden mad;
But 'twas not so: her reason sometimes stray'd,
And grief destroy'd remembrance for a while;
Yet soon her sense return'd, and she would talk
Of those events which mem'ry on her brain
Had fix'd indelible, more sad than wild.
Her face was woeful pale, e'en like the lily
That in the valley rears it's simple head;
Yet sometimes it a colour would assume,
Faint as the hue of hedge-rose, wash'd by showers
Successive and unceasing. Poor Patty lov'd
A sailor lad, of courage bold and daring,
One who ne'er shrunk when danger rul'd the hour,
Nor felt a fear when, in the troubled air,
Death all his vengeance hurl'd. But, for a while,
He war forsook, and yielded to the powers,
The blissful powers of Love. The ring was bought;
The wedding feast prepar'd; the bride's array,
White as her bosom, was laid forth, and deck'd
With true-love knots; and, on the coming morn
The village girls were bid to strew the ground
With flowers, fresh gathered from the mountain's
side.

O, in

O, in thy slumbers, maiden, all was peace;
No fearful dreams disturb'd thy silent hours,
No wild chimeras fix'd upon thy brain,
With subtle force; but, on thy lowly couch,
Supported by an arm as white as snow
Which strews the Pyrenean height, thy head
Languid reclin'd. Ah, me! that bliss should fly
So swift away, and the dun wings of grief,
Like the light swallows, bear her thro' the air,
Nor fail her till she reach the destin'd goal.

The hour was twelve, and silent was the night,
When to poor Arthur's bed the press-gang came,
With treacherous intent. The lover wak'd,
And look'd around, and found himself betray'd,
Sigh'd forth his Patty's name, and loudly rail'd
At Fortune's malice;—then, with manly grace,
He told unto his cruel foes the joys
That were so lately promis'd; urg'd and begg'd
For freedom's sweets, yet still, with anguish, found
Captivity his lot. What! not allow'd
One word of solace, one sweet parting kiss,
From her who, when the sun, at morn, should play
On the blue waters of the lake, or chase
The vapour from the mountains, would have been
His happy bride! Oh Fate, severe and hard!
Though valour ever had his actions form'd,
And led him on to glory, now he wept,
And gave his deep-drawn sighs unto the gale,

That

That bore him far from shore, far from his love,
 His sweet affianc'd Wife. Soon the crew
 Hail'd the proud ship, and plac'd upon it's deck
 Their new-gain'd prize, who, tho' by love possessed,
 Still had a valiant soul. Now the beach,
 The cliff and land-mark faded on the eye
 Of the heart-wounded mariner; oft he gaz'd
 Upon the length of waters left behind;
 And all the day, o'er which the god of Love
 Should have presid'd, spent he with complaints,
 And heavy sighs of soul-afflicting grief.
 But, ah! his woes were little when compar'd
 With those which in the bosom of his love,
 Conjur'd rebellion against gentle peace,
 And urg'd the torturing passions to assume
 Despotic power, and on the finer sense
 To heap destruction. Wild and piercing shrieks
 The maid sent forth, when she, at morn, was told
 The fate of her true love; she sought the strand,
 And on the swelling ocean's verge complain'd.

Month pass'd o'er month, and nought she learn'd
 of him

Who kindled in her breast the flame of love.
 Sad were her days, with unavailing plaints
 The heavy night went o'er; seldom she slept;
 And if, perchance, she slumbered for a while
 Still it was but to rouse with wild affright.
 Huge Phantasy and horrid dreams disturb'd

The

The maiden's brain ; oft, in the dead of night,
When the harsh winds swept o'er her humble roof,
And shook her lattice, would she trembling wake,
And wildly start from her unquiet bed,
While she, with dread, unclos'd her painful eyes,
To gaze upon the spectre which, she thought,
Faintly desir'd her to repair, with speed,
Unto the gloomy shades where livid Death
Rules with a monarch's power. At length there
came

Tidings of him for whom she shed her tears,
For whom she hourly sigh'd ; but they were
With misery fraught, and never was she seen
After that hour to smile, or heard to speak
With cheerfulness or peace. For it was said,
By an old sailor, who, at midnight hour,
Came to the door, and rous'd her from her bed,
That gallant Arthur had in battle been,
And that a fiery cannon ball had torn
The youth to atoms. The fierce ' son of sin'
Forbore a while to clasp the sorrowing maid.
Within his fleshless arms ; still he came
And every day depriv'd her of a charm,
Drain'd the red source of life, but fed with care.
Inward the monster mourn'd, when he no more
Could to his feast return ; and much he fear'd
His cankering teeth would never more be fix'd
On one so lovely—In a lonely spot,
Which the dark yeugh o'er shadows, was she laid ;

I saw

I saw her in the earth by hinds repos'd,
And dropt the tear of sorrow ; since that time
I've rov'd at midnight thro' the church-yard's gloom,
And oft-times sudden stopt, and, o'er her grave,
Given my sighs unto the passing breeze.

Eugenio weeping ! brush those tears away,
And dissipate the gloom that pity spreads
Upon thy brow, e'en as still evening hangs
Her darkening clouds o'er some delightful scene.
What would the easy son of fashion say
To this dejection ? He would laugh aloud,
Mimic the melancholy of thy face,
Call sympathy absurd, compassion weak,
And tell thee that no sorrows but thine own
Should in thy breast the sense of feeling rouse.

O, Fancy ! on whose radiant forehead glows
Reason's bright gem ; morning and silent eve
My invocations have I made to thee,
Secluded in the shades, or wandering on
The banks of some rude stream with wild flowers
strewn,
Where ne'er a foot but mine the turf had prest,
Since the first violet rear'd it's fragrant head,
And gave it's odour to the vernal gales.
Sweet power ! inspire thy suppliant with thine aid ;
Be the directress of my humble muse,
And when, at sunny noon, thy ample wings

Expand

Expand to meet the gale, while thou ascend'st
With head reclining on thy lily hand,
And eyes of smiling brightness, in my mind
Conjure thy fairy visions. If my strain
Be rude, and want the elegance to charm,
I'll make thee, gentle Fancy, my support,
And form the texture of thy silken web
By simple rules; that, if I gain not fame,
I may not, by ambition, on me draw
The eye of contumely, or proud disdain.

Mild is the breeze that from the mountain comes,
And passes o'er the lake; he who toils
From early morn until the solar orb
Sinks, with it's beauties, in the western main,
Shall bless the kind refreshment, and oft turn
His panting breast, and sweat encumbered brow,
Wip'd with his sun-burnt hand, to meet the gale.
Through this green alley let us stray; the hedge
Is form'd with flowers, which hourly bloom and
smile,

And many a day survive; they close at eve,
And seem to share repose which is bestow'd
On animated nature. Dews from heaven
Upon them fall, and in the silken fold
And cup declining steal; and when dun night
Collects her robe, and with her shadows fly,
While morn comes laughing, then again they rear
Th' invigorated stem, and spread their leaves

In

In gay profusion to the unclouded sun.
E'en now they catch bright beauties from the ray
Which travels to the earth; their mild perfume
The air enriches, and the pilfering tribe,
Who, in their wealth exulting, oft-times are
Environed by ruin, hither wing
Their blithesome flight, and from the sweetest flowers
Extract the clammy moisture. Woodbines here,
The eglantines imprun'd, and sucklings wild
The passage intercept, and we must break
Their blossom-loaded branches. Now, again,
Nature, to us, unfolds her thousand charms;
But to descant as admiration prompts
Might take Eugenio's patience, without which
Man frets thro' life, while every day to him
Seems a long month of rude continued care.
Cast but thine eyes upon yon neighbouring hill,
And view the vagrants sprawling on the ground
Beside a blossom'd thorn; on which is hung
The tatter'd apron, which within the brook
The gipsy wench had plung'd. Hark! how the
brats,
Produce of love, by marriage ne'er confirm'd,
Squall in their mother's ears, and roar for food,
While, girdled at her back, and wrapp'd in rags,
The shrill-ton'd infant joins the harmony,
And strives to gain the breast. Now from the ass
The panniers are remov'd, and all the scraps
Which in the greasy wallet had been plac'd,

Are set before the little noisy crew.
Contention ceases; nature's powerful claims
Are satisfying, and no more the gripes
Of Hunger's hand are felt. Coarse food it seems;
If it were e'er luxurious, many a board
It must have covered. First, perchance, it help'd
To spread some glutton's table; then it pall'd
The high-fed servants of a spend-thrift lord;
Till, passing in the hall, the dainty cook
Gave it to some poor cottage girl; and she,
Having more love than appetite, exchang'd
The savoury morsel for the wondrous tale
Of fortune yet to come, and sweet-heart's faith.

Yes, it was even so; for yester-eve,
When sunk the sun, and shadows o'er the earth
Were gradual spread, I saw thee by the gate
That fronts the little garden of a cot,
Whispering a rustic nymph, within whose eye
Bright love was seen to blaze, while oft she turn'd
Her head unto the wicket, harbouring fear
E'en midst her rapture, lest from thence should come
Her angry mother; and the divinerefs send
Away, ere all the story was reveal'd.
Say, what mellifluous lies by thee were pour'd
Within the virgin's ear; what planet smil'd
Auspicious o'er her, when into the world
She was by nature brought—what happy day
Is fix'd by Fate to have the nuptial rites
Perform'd, when roses Hymen's brow shall twine,

And

And lilies bind the tresses of the bride?
O, thou deceiver! tho' thy tale was sweet,
What woes may follow if the youth should turn
To vile inconstancy, and woo some maid
Of better fortune; then no more her hands
Shall guide the woodbine tendrils o'er the door
Of her dear native cot; no more she'll hear,
With fix'd delight, the throstle's morning notes
Which waken Echo; or the lark's shrill strain,
Which ceases not until the summer winds
Have sung their evening lullaby; no more,
With flowery chaplet crown'd, shall beat the turf
With her light feet, whose motion the blithe pipe
And merry tabor guide. Sorceress! if e'er
The disappointment of those blasted hopes,
Which thou didst conjure, should effect this change,
Thou wilt have ruined the fairest maid
That ever bloom'd among these woodland scenes,
Sweet Nature's partial child. And yet
Thy rude and vagrant life I scarce can blame;
For what example was before thee plac'd,
Whereby thou aught could'st profit? For thy fire,
And his forefathers, she who gave thee birth
Within the roofless neat-house, sisters, aunts,
And every relative of swarthy hue,
Thy occupation follow'd. Pinch'd by want,
Fierce hunger, or distress, or prompted by
Habitual love of theft, and lawless gain,
Some wretched ancestor his country's laws

May have contemned, and from the traveller stol'n
The heavy laden purse, and watch that beat
E'en to it's frighted master's pulse, then skulk'd,
Fearing detection, many a month, within
The forest intricate, and cave unknown
To his pursuers. Some one, more savage still,
May the sharp knife within the breast have plung'd
Draining the current, on whose ebb and flow
Depends existence; but, for this guilty deed
Heaven's vengeance on him fell, and early brought
Just retribution, shedding blood for blood,
And causing pang for pang: for soon or late
Such direful actions are by God reveal'd,
For man's example; and the sharpest throe
That is on earth inflicted for the crime,
Is not a thousandth part so dreadful fierce
As those which will assail him, when the jaws
Of hell, on his approach, are opened wide
To breathe damnation. Now, perchance, the wretch,
Or his consuming parts or filthy bones
Or festered limbs, disjointing as the sun
Corruption breeds, may on some gibbet hang,
Diffusing o'er the wild and dreary heath
A horrid stench, which lures the hungry crows,
Who to the feast repair, and, with their beaks,
Pull from the socket the half-wasted eye,
Then for the morsel fight. Shocking to view!
There he may rudely swing throughout the night
Of fierce December, drest fantastically

With

With gathering snows, while crackling icicles
Hang on his ribs which burst thro' rottenness.
Or when the summer tempest rages loud,
The unconscious bones receive th' electric shock,
As light'nings gleam upon the incasing steel,
And shew the wretch in all his hideousness,
To the fear-stricken traveller beneath ;
Who, shivering, breathes a prayer ; then onward
goes,

With dreadful apprehensions, turning oft
His glaring eye unto the horrid spot ;
Not certain he but that the ghastly form
Has slipt the gibbet, and, fleet-footed, run
His noxious course upon the trackless heath,
Foe to the good and innocent. Yet such events
Have surely never happen'd ; for the face
Of the dun wanderer is not mark'd by grief,
Nor by regret, nor care. But nature may
Have fail'd to plant within her that fine sense
Which inward thrills, and by it's cunning powers
Too subtle for perception, on the wretch
Who harbours it, destruction early brings.
O, that the apathy which warps the soul
Of the rude vagrant, would within my breast
Creep cunningly, and there assume a power
That baffles woe, and prying Sorrow routs,
Ere her curs'd machinations are complete.
Then what to me would seem the busy world,
It's dull indifference, or pointed scorn ?

The

The proud man would be humble and his eye
 No longer glance effectual disdain;
 Sighs would not pain my breast, nor would the brine
 Of grief impetuous flow; fortune no more
 Would be regarded as a spiteful hag,
 And if she came not smiling, showering gold,
 Nor raising pomp's gay visions, still no cause
 Would there remain for me to heap the curse
 Of disappointment on her. Not always thus,
 Dull and insensate, would I have my mind;
 Gloomy torpidity our nature shames:
 The active sense that borders on excess
 Is not more censurable. We sometimes wish
 To blunt the arrows which Affliction's hand
 Sends without erring; but to wrap the soul
 Within the cloak of apathy, and thence
 Exclude the various feelings, which are brought
 By circumstance peculiar, is to shift
 From us each blest refinement; and to make
 Our minds, best gifts of Heaven, concomitant
 To those of the most abject beasts that sleep
 The winter months away, and wake with sloth,
 When Spring's fair hand, upon the far-stretch'd
 earth,
 Sheds her green beauties and bright tinted flowers.

O scenes belov'd! mine eyes upon ye dwell
 With joy unfading; every vale and grove,
 Where strays the peasant, and the stock-dove mourns

For

For it's lost mate, is grateful to my sight.
Hard are the toils of yon poor hind, whose hands
Twine the rude briars, and exercise the spade
Many a weary hour; and yet the notes
Of his wild song float on the breeze of spring,
And thro' the woodlands fly. When the day's toil
Is o'er, he shall unto his wife and babes
Happy return; and smile upon their sports
And fond endearments, which must ever please.
And what's more joyous than yon straggling deer,
That thro' the covert breaks, with vigorous bound,
And o'er the pasturage frisks, while his big horns
He proudly rears. Poor animal! ne'er may
The beugle sound within his lonely haunts,
Nor, from the green recesses and cool shades,
Send him a friendless alien. The joys
That now he shares are those which sweetly rise
From liberty's blest source. Would his bliss
Be equal to the present if his range
Was to the park confin'd? Sure he would pant
Again to trace the wilds, and forests wide,
Scenes of his guileless youth; to graze beneath
His favourite shades, and on the rivulet's side,
Which violets cover, to repose his limbs
Till the hot hour of noon has passed away.

Whether in man, or beast, or bird that beats
The air, or reptile that upon the earth
Crawls slowly, it is found that nought is priz'd

So dearly as that unrestrained state
Which no superior wanton power can change
As lordly will may guide. High in the air
The lark will rise, and the harmonious force
Of his sweet pipe display; yea, soar so high
That he eludes the wandering peasant's gaze,
And, joyous in his range, which has no bounds,
He seems to aim at heaven. But should he fall
Within the cunning lure which man has plac'd
Beneath the waving corn, he mourns his fate;
And, struggling for his freedom, breaks his wing,
Or maims his little body. What if he's shut
Within a cage whose wires are made of gold,
Will he not pant for liberty each hour,
And long deplore captivity?—Curfes fall
Upon the man, who coldly could invent
The specious chains of slavery, to bind
Those in whose minds the great Creator plac'd
The mighty powers of thought, and in whose
hearts
His wonderous fingers fix'd the secret chords
That vibrate to the ever-changing sense.

Liberty! within thy dome should gleam
Virtue's unfading taper, which extinct
Thy ways can never be by man explor'd,
Nor found to lead to universal good.
Stay not within thy temple, goddess! forth
Into the world; traverse the mighty globe;

And spurn at circumscription;—let the sons
 Of Afric share those blessings which thou giv'st
 To Europe's paler children. With thy voice
 Call back thy daring votaries when they err;
 And tell them Virtue is thy dearest friend,
 And Vice thy abhorred foe. In palaces
 Thou may'st reside, * * * * *

FINIS.



